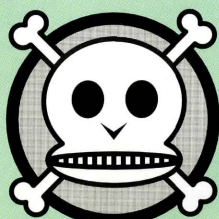


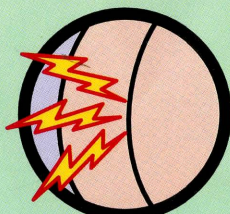
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#16

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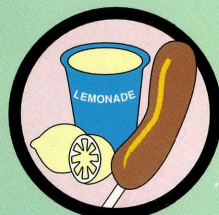
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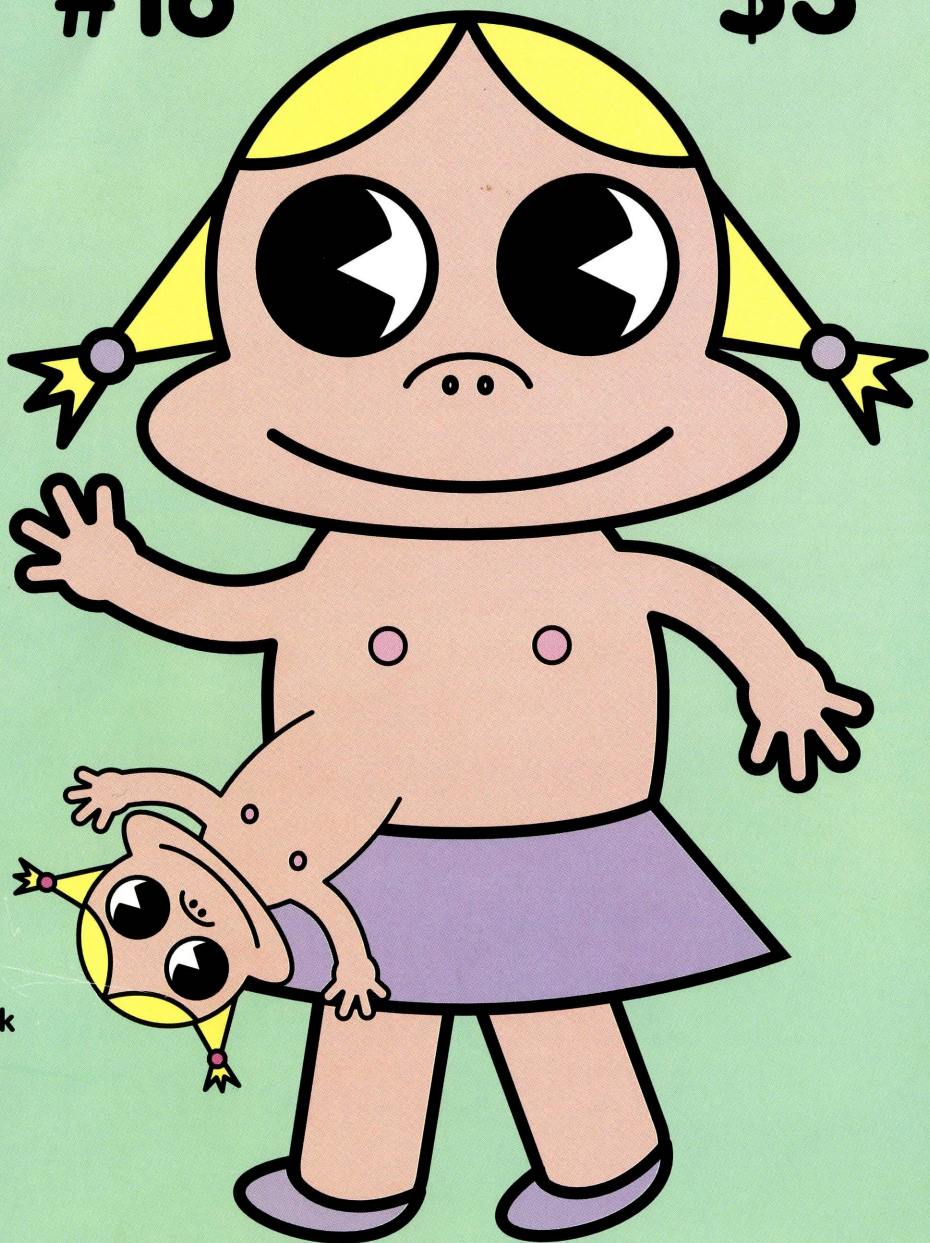
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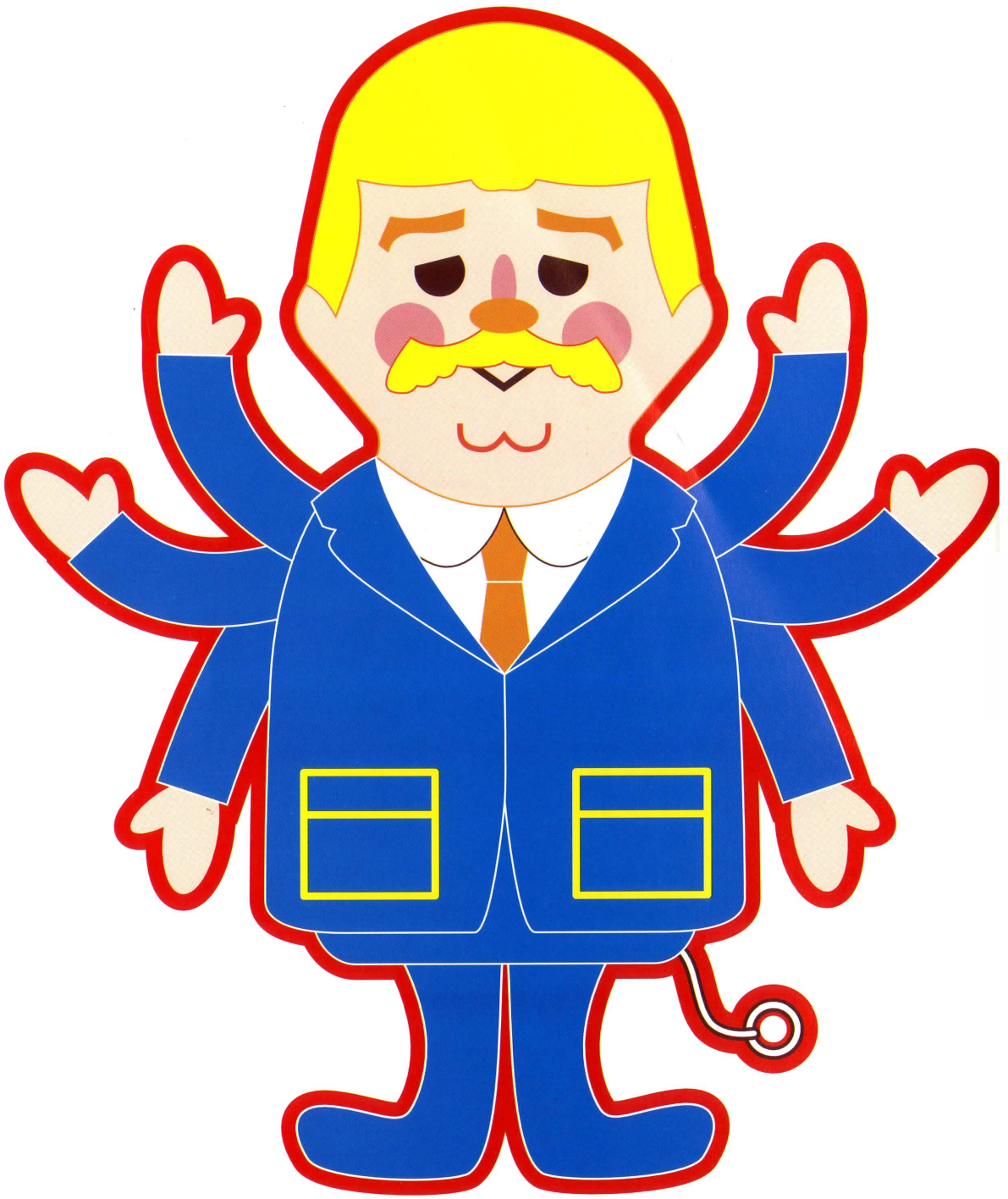


hot dog on a stick



where's rob halford?





Peter Huestis
Painter and Illustrator
1127B Columbia Rd. NW
Washington, DC 20009
phuestis@flash.net



STORIES AND LAYOUT

Larry

COVER

Peter Huestis

CONTRIBUTORS

Lauren Gramme
Chuck Meehan
Phil Flood
Stephanie Ashmore
Brian Davis
Chris Kohler
Matt Swain
Zach Connolly
Will Rivera
Virgil Porter
Ryan Loyko
Art Eugenio
Wendy Wilson
Blake Wright
Don Hudgens

COMPUTER ASSISTANCE

Chris Kohler
Phil Flood

EDITING

Stephanie Ashmore
David R. Stampone
Eric Rife

THANKS

Vaughn &
Custom Printing Services
Jeff Fox &
Barracuda Magazine
Ray and Hernan
Jon Moore
Meghan Smith
Lauren and Tammye
Ralph Clare
Joaquin Parral
Ruben Frausto
Scott Puckett
Junior Rivera
Andy Robillard
Steph, Mary, Trish,
Sioban, Kristin & Wendy

WRITE US!

genetic disorder

po box 15237 san diego, ca 92175

www.geneticdisorder.net



Photo by Eric Rife

Heavy metal party at the Elm Street House before attending church

It's been a long while since the last issue of *Genetic Disorder*, but it's been a wild couple of years. I've totaled my '85 Chevy by smashing it into a rich lady's brand new BMW. I spent part of Cinco de Mayo in a Mexican jail. I also lived in a van for a couple of months after a new landlord kicked us out of our home of over three years so he could cash in on San Diego's hot housing market. I've also been spotted handcuffed and dealing with cops who seemed to be certain that I'm dealing speed from my bicycle or smuggling illegal migrant workers in the van.

With all of my recent run-ins with the police, I was seriously concerned they were going to track me down for questioning in a still ongoing murder investigation. It just so happened the night I was doing donuts in my new 1972 Dodge Dart at the Municipal Golf Course near my house, someone decided to dump a

body one hundred yards from my tire tracks.

When not dealing with cops, I've been keeping myself busy by occasionally working in Los Angeles writing for both porno mags and children's television commercials. And let me tell you, working with porno people is a lot easier than working with people who make children's commercials.

Like I said, a lot of time has passed between issues. The Dart now belongs to Father Joe Carroll, the van is locked in an impound yard somewhere in the industrial wastelands of south Orange County, and there's been another criminal mystery in my neighborhood with the disappearance of 2-year-old Jahi Turner. I had nothing to do with it, so don't even ask. Besides, I no longer live in the neighborhood due to another eviction.

So I hope it was worth the wait.
Enjoy.

—LARRY

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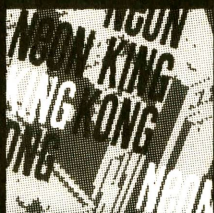
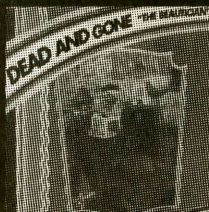
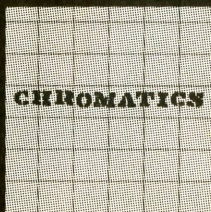
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Intersection of Fifth and University Avenues

photo by Chris Kohler

The Hunt for Halford



When I lived on Third Avenue in Hillcrest, I used to see Rob Halford on the streets every couple of months. I would never talk to the guy. I could never get the nerve to strike up a conversation with the former vocalist for heavy metal pioneers Judas Priest. I would stand at a distance, watching him browse used CDs at Off the Record or sip coffee on the patio at David's. I wouldn't know what to say anyway, except maybe I really liked the title track from his first solo CD, "Resurrection".

I was never really a fan, but I still think it kicks ass that there's a chance I might be sitting at the Alibi having a beer next to the Turbo Lover himself.

But after being evicted from the Third Avenue house and forced to move out of the neighborhood because of the skyrocketing rents, I haven't seen the Metal God around town. Instead, I decided to get proactive and go looking for him. So every once in a while, I'll load up my backpack with my three Judas Priest

records, a camera and a Sharpie in search for Halford so I can ask him to sign my records and take a picture with him.

I guess you could think of this as a "Where's Waldo" come to life. I know Rob is out there, and from what I've heard, he's a pretty friendly guy. But I guess I won't know until I finally get to meet him.

My search has lasted over six months, so it's not as easy as it sounds. First off, I assume he's out of town a lot taking care of rock star business and occasionally touring.

But what has made my hunt really difficult is the number of Halford decoys wandering around my old neighborhood. Do you know how many tall, thin white guys in baggy cargo shorts with shaved heads can be found walking down University Avenue?

One last thing, Rob, if you read this, please don't change your routine so I'll have an easier time finding you. This is meant to be a challenge, and I look forward to meeting you. \$\$\$

Loser's Guide to San Diego

SPOT #57

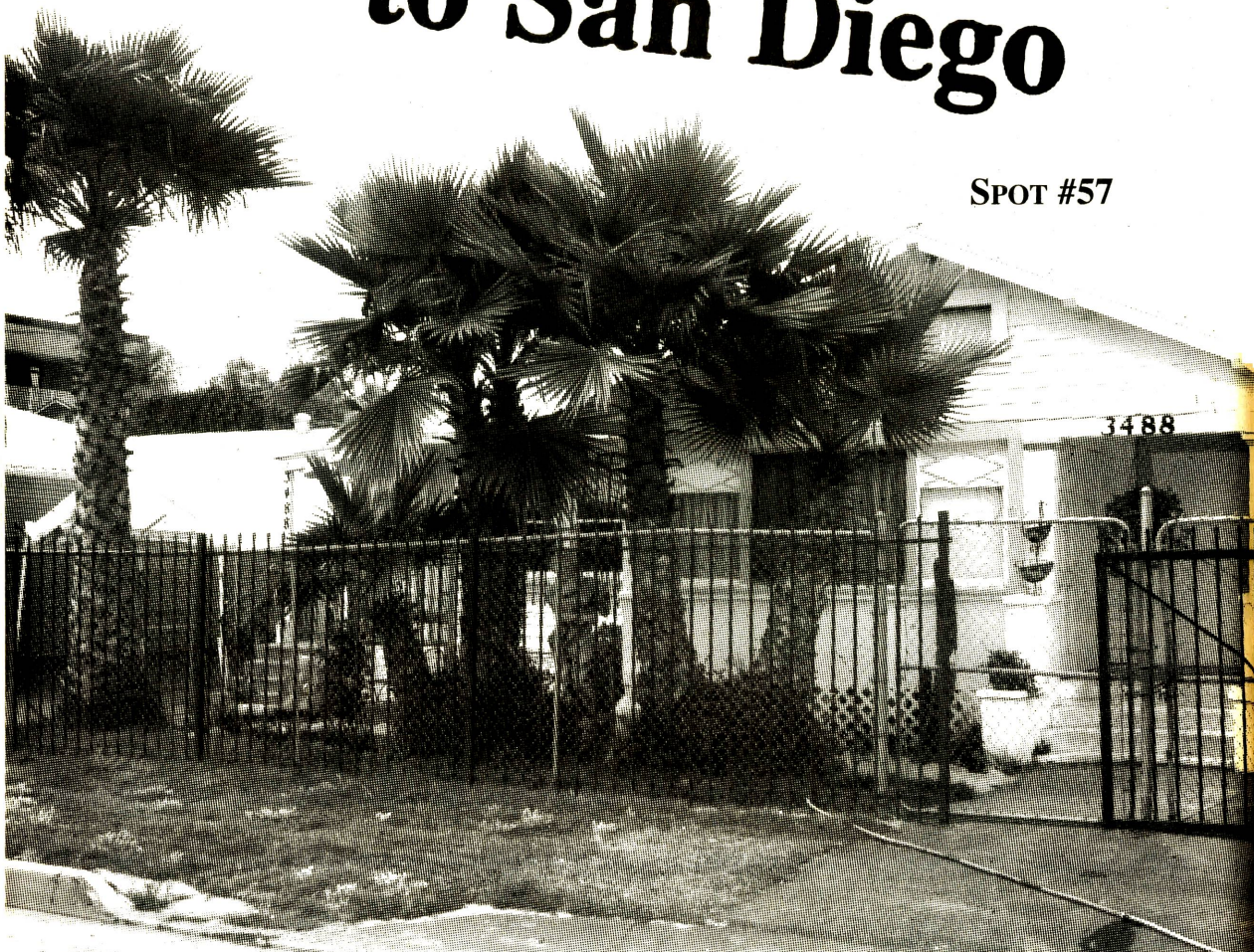


Photo by Art Eugenio

THE FORMER LOCATION OF THAD'S SOCIAL CLUB 3488 E STREET, SAN DIEGO

★ ★ ★

Tucked away on a secluded dead end street in the neighborhood of Stockton is the former swing club known as Thad's Social Club. In the early '90s, Elbert "Thad" Poppel opened his residential home in this gritty commercial area to club members who paid a cover charge for the privilege to get

naked and fuck each other.

Although he's stayed out of the media spotlight for the last couple of years, Thad became a bit of a minor local celebrity in the late '80s, mainly from his public battles with city officials and police around the county. But the retired butcher's history in the San Diego swing scene

goes all the way back to 1974 when Thad moved here from Florida after the cops shut his clubs down in the Sunshine State.

Thad's name started appearing in the papers in 1985 after La Mesa police sent undercover detectives into a converted fitness center called

Between the Two to investigate rumors of an underground sex club. What the cops found was a swingers club complete with a sauna, Jacuzzi, an open shower, four to five beds in the middle of a workout room and a separate area filled with semi-private beds for "couples only."

Thad said he never considered Between the Two as a swing club. He said Between the Two was both a health spa and church (Thad is an ordained minister in the Universal Life Church) where the human body is worshipped and enjoyed, and city had no regulatory laws to deal with his type of business. His reasoning was if there were no laws against it, there was no crime.

He eventually abandoned Between the Two after the city refused to grant him a business license after two hearings with a lawsuit sandwiched in-between.

Between the Two has since evolved into a small retail shipping store named The Box Shop. You can visit it at 8749 La Mesa Blvd. in the small La Mesa Village Shopping Center.

Before Thad started making the news, he had already been convicted of keeping a house of prostitution in Solana Beach in 1981 and was sentenced to six months in jail with a \$500 fine. And at the same time he was battling the La Mesa City Council, he was quietly operating Thad's Gallery in Hillcrest.

He made news again in mid-'80s when the *San Diego Union* wrote about how Thad began throwing parties aboard a privately-owned, converted

city transit bus, painted purple and outfitted with beds and a Jacuzzi. He came up with the idea for the party bus to avoid zoning laws. Thad figured if he kept moving, he would never be in one jurisdiction long enough to get busted.

But by the end of the '80s, over 15 of Thad's clubs were shut down around the county.

With over 10 years experience fighting city hall, Thad knew the ins-and-outs of the zoning and business laws. He bought the isolated house in a commercial area of Stockton and transformed the property into Thad's Social Club by attaching an empty 12,000-gallon fuel tank and outfitted it with benches and three waterbeds.

Technically, the business wasn't illegal, and the city officials were powerless to close it. Instead, the cops instituted a neighborhood policing policy, which is basically a zero-tolerance crackdown on Thad's patrons.

In 1991, two police officers entered his house with building inspectors along with television news crews and photographers during one of Thad's parties.

On at least 14 occasions in 1992 and 1993, police stepped up patrols on the 500 feet of road between 34th and 35th streets, shining lights on people as they entered and left the house, ticketing cars for parking violations, running names for warrants and parking their patrol cars in front of his house with the lights flashing.

Thad sued the city, two police officers and city code

compliance worker Sharon Carr for harassment and civil rights violations – and won, quietly at the time, a \$200,000 judgement. The jury found the city liable for \$100,000, Officer Chris Larson for \$30,000, Officer Donald Albright for \$20,000 and Carr for \$50,000.

Seven months later, and four years after Thad first filed the suit, then-City Council Member Juan Vargas saw an opportunity to create some publicity and called a press conference to rant and rave against the jury, judge and verdict.

Vargas, now a state assemblyman, was the city council representative of San Diego's District 8, which includes the neighborhood of Stockton. Vargas fumed that the city and police should not have to pay damages to "a man who infests our community with nothing more than shaded prostitution and drugs."

The problem was the police themselves reported a notable absence of drug use at Thad's Social Club. Thad sued for defamation, but the lawsuit was eventually dismissed.

Approaching 70, Thad is still enjoying life and throwing parties at a semi-secret location downtown every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday night from 8 p.m. – 4 a.m. The city is still appealing the verdict, and apparently leaving Thad alone for the time being.

Does Thad's sound like a good time? Give him a call and ask for directions. Just remember, like it says on his website, "Alcohol is strictly BYOB."



Jailbait



Photo by Virgil Porter

Ralph and Larry warming up for the winter formal



Part One By Larry

I knew my big mouth had really got me in trouble when the "Sex with a Minor is a Crime" billboards started popping up around the city. Despite the rumors, I wasn't fucking underage girls. Instead, I had

been conned into taking two high school girls to prom.

Again.

If this story is starting to sound familiar, don't worry, this is not a repeat. I was at a 4th of July

party and these girls asked me to retell my first prom story. They kept prodding me for details and feeding me beer until I was good and slurry when Lauren finally asked me to take her to her winter

formal.

"Sure," I laughed, realizing I had just been set up. "Why not?"

With the dance five months away, I promptly forgot about it. Two months later, Lauren made sure to give me a call, following up every two weeks.

And that's when those billboards started popping up.

Whenever Lauren would call, I'd start hemming and hawing, trying to weasel out of the date.

"Lauren, there's no way your school is going to let me in."

"Sure they will. I'll even talk to the principal to confirm it."

"Are you Italian? Is your dad going to try to kick my ass for talking to his little girl?"

"No. Relax, my parents already know and they think it's funny."

"What about asking some other guy. Isn't there some guy from your high school that you can take?"

"Stop whining. it'll be fun."

"You're going to make me go through with this, aren't you?"

"Yep."

"Damn."

There were other reasons I didn't want to go. First, I had to find a date for her friend, Tammye. I couldn't set her up with just anyone. I didn't want one of my drunk friends to throw up on her. Second, I had my eye on this other girl at the time and I didn't want to blow my chance because she thought I was into underage girls. And last, I knew that everyone would be looking at me to make the evening the funnest night of their lives.

That was the toughest part, especially since I didn't have much to work with. People tend to forget that high school dances are tightly controlled environments and you can't just hide a 40 oz. in your backpack and wander in, like we did when the Lazy Cowgirls played in Tijuana.

I did have a couple of ideas and I actually tried to include Lauren in the planing, but we'd always end up bickering over the details. The only thing we came up with was a list of rules. She told me there would absolutely be no hand-holding. Okay, then I get to control the tape deck all night. Agreed.

"Don't even think about making out."

"No problem, but you have to

track down bail money if I get myself into trouble, which as you know, is a good possibility."

"Sure, but you have to dance with me for two songs."

"Only if I don't have to meet your parents."

"Agreed."

Meanwhile the search for Tammye's date continued. The guy I eventually found was perfect. Ralph is a handsome Englishman into hockey and the Angry Samoans. He had a couple of rules too, namely we had to look sharp, which was okay by me. So, as typical guys, we made plans to find some suits a few hours before the dance.

When the big day finally arrived, Ralph and I nearly missed it. First, both of us slept all day since we both went to parties the night before, only he got drunk and I got stranded. I walked 40 blocks to get home since the buses had stopped running. I even tried to hitchhike, but the only person who offered me a ride had just got done vomiting after walking outside of a bar with a sign that read, "Harley Davidsons Welcome."



Ralph and I did manage to find each other the next day and after five hours of searching East County Salvation Armies and Goodwills, we actually found two boss outfits. We rewarded ourselves with pitchers of beer and giant cans of Schlitz. After about an hour drinking, I thought it might be a good idea to give the girls a call. I called my house and listened to nine messages of Lauren screaming and asking where the hell we were. Sheesh, I'm surprised she couldn't figure it out. Obviously we're drinking. I calmed Lauren down with a call from a payphone and said we were on the way.

We picked up Lauren and Tammye at a neutral apartment in El Cajon. I didn't want there to be any chance encounters with their parents, and after a couple more giant cans of Schlitz, we headed to the dance.



I walked into the dance feeling obnoxious and cocksure. How

could I not? I was wearing three phony gold chains, a "pair-of-dice" pinky ring and I was armed with a switchblade comb, which I continually flicked out to comb my hair. Well, I didn't really comb my hair. I hate combing my hair.

I made it my business that night to be as embarrassing as possible. I was introducing myself as, "Larry, Granite Hills class of '95" then proceed to tell everyone how I fucked all the cheerleaders and used to sell the teachers dope.

Lauren wanted to kill me when she introduced me to her current crush. It just so happened the guy had just finished making out with his date and had her lipstick smeared all over his face. I kept asking him bizarre questions to make him look at Lauren so she would see the lipstick. The guy finally got weirded out and split. "Man, Lauren, you fucked up. That could have been your lipstick on his face, but instead you get to watch me be a jerk."

As the dance started to wind down, I quickly put in my minimum two dances, then started spreading the word that I had a fake ID and could buy booze. Surprisingly there were no takers. What's wrong with the kids these days when you're not hounded to buy a case of shitty beer? I think part of the reason was half the kids already had plans to fuck all night in motels, and the other half realized how disappointing these things are after being conditioned to believe that proms and formals are one of those magical teen moments that you'll cherish forever.

Not Tammye and Lauren. They had their parent's permission to stay out all night, and what did they want to do after the dance? They wanted to go bowling. No, it's not the most exciting thing, but at least I can drink.

Going bowling was probably a mistake, namely because Ralph is a competitive sportsman. As I continued to drink more and more, I started throwing strike after strike, while Ralph got more and more frustrated until he couldn't bowl any more and started screaming, "Bowling is not a sport!"

I slurred, "The trick is to make love to your ball," and went into my bowling and sex speech. In the middle of the speech, I noticed

a group of high school kids hanging out in the distance, staring and pointing at me until one girl got up the nerve to approach me.

"Aren't you the guitar player from Beck? What are you doing in El Cajon."

"I'm just showing a couple of ladies a good time."

Part Two

By Lauren

School dances. I never really thought about them. In grade school, boys didn't talk to me much. It didn't matter anyway. I was much happier doing extra credit projects and watching TV instead of drinking punch at Catholic school functions. In middle school I went to a dance for 10 minutes, and that was because I heard there was free food. So I went, ate the free snacks and split. In high school I didn't even bother. C'mon, look at me. I am no dancing fool. Besides, I was never invited to one.

But this isn't a sob story about how I missed out and nobody likes me. I'm anti-social, that's all. But it was all about to change.

Okay, I gotta rewind to the Fourth of July. I was at Rob's parent's house in La Mesa. He was house sitting so he decided to throw a party with beer, a BBQ, his loud-ass dogs, music, ping-pong and Larry's fireworks. The night started out with a cheap keg of beer that stopped working after three cups. I don't remember much else except for listening to the Clash and then some metal. Oh, yeah, I had a conversation with Larry, but I can't remember if it was before or after he starting shooting fireworks out of his ass. We were talking about school dances and then in my drunken madness, I asked him to the Christmas Dance/Winter Formal. He wasn't new to the concept (ask him about back issues of *Genetic Disorder*). At first it was kind of a joke – or so I thought. I mean I couldn't really picture Larry in a tux, drinking punch and slow dancing with a bunch of high schoolers. But when Ler said yes on that warm summer evening, he stuck to it.

Since the dance was so far away, it was kind of forgotten until a couple of weeks before the dance. When I brought it up to him,

he immediately tried to get out of it, but I held him to it. I told him he said he would, so he's gotta go through with it. He sheepishly said he'd go, but then turned around and strong-armed me into making a few concessions. We agreed that our mission was to cruise for other people. Larry would get the chicks and I would schmooze with the guys and cute student teachers. We even drew up a contract. Here are a few of the agreements:

Lauren: No bars.

Larry: I get to control the car stereo all night, no matter whose car!

Lauren: You must dance a minimum of 1.5 dances.

Larry: You must dress like a slut.

Lauren: No hand holding.

Larry: Under no circumstances will I meet your parents

Lauren: Don't even try to make out with me.

Larry: You must track down bail money in case of emergency.

The Preparations

Even though he agreed to go way back on the Fourth of July, we didn't start getting any costume designs ready until a week or two before the dance. Larry had been planting crazy ideas in my head about how I was going to need a helmet to walk in with so everyone would think that we rode to the dance on a motorcycle. We never bothered trying to buy helmets. I think Larry was scared about winding up with scabies from some thrift store Evel Knievel helmet. It didn't matter, I was more concerned with finding a dress.

Wednesday

I finally found a classy dress but we still haven't made any plans.

Thursday

Tammye and I bought our tickets. I also bought new shoes. Larry's only responsibility was to find a guy for Tammye so we could double date. He did convince his friend Ralph that it would be fun, but when I talked to him, there was something in Larry's voice that sounded uncertain. All I know is Ralph better not snatch out.

As far as transportation, all he talks about is how he's gonna have to drive his "Third Base-mobile" – a rusty blue van with a loft in the back – because there's something

wrong with his other piece of shit car. Then he launched into this rant about how the van got its name because he once got to third base in it. Most girls might think he's trying to use some ruse just to get girls inside his van. He's not. He really drives these piece of shit cars, and I think he may have actually got to third base once in his skinny life.

The Dance

I tried to get ahold of Larry from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. the day of the dance but with no luck. I wanted to meet him at a photo place in El Cajon. I knew a couple of kids who were getting pictures taken and they offered me a ride, ultimately avoiding the parents-meet-date situation. At 6 p.m. I was ready – dress, make-up, purse, coat. It was fucking on. However I still haven't heard from Larry and I was starting to worry. I immediately came up with a new plan. I would walk to a mutual friend's apartment and have him meet me there.

6:30 p.m.

Tammye and I walk to Ray's apartment. Luckily Ray's roommate Stacey was there. For the next 90 minutes we sat around, smoking fiendishly waiting for Larry to call. Finally, the phone rings.

"Uh, are you at Ray's?"

"Duh."

"Alright. We gotta get dressed and then we'll come get you."

Forty-five minutes go by before our dates knock at the door. I was actually impressed. Chest hair, pinky rings and punk rock pins.

Next we were off to Hernan's for pictures. Hernan lived near San Diego State University, where the dance was being held. Larry insisted it was the ideal spot to stop before the dance. Larry also insisted in stopping at a liquor store before we got to Hernan's so he could buy a bunch of Schlitz Malt Liquor.

After shooting a few pictures and drinking some Schlitz, I was starting to get nervous because there is a rule at school dances that prohibits you from bringing a date that's older than 21. As I watched Larry suck down beer after beer and threaten the fish in the aquarium with his switchblade comb, a

huge wave of despair came over me. They weren't going to let us in.

9:30 p.m.

Once we finally got around to leaving for the dance, I really got nervous because, 1) I smelled like beer, and 2) the over 21 rule. Tammye's date Ralph could pass

as we walked through the door. As soon as Larry thought we were in the clear, he starts in with "Go see where the parties are!" or "Mingle!" or "Omigod! That girl's not wearing a bra!" He was in his I'm-here-to-annoy mood, so as soon as I split off to go talk to someone, he'd move in and start

I was also in the running for Winter Formal Queen, but because the boys took so long getting to the dance, I didn't even get the chance to vote for myself.

Once the boys got done being goofy, it was time to dance. Larry reluctantly danced one slow song, but Ralph and Tammye rocked the dance floor with a big group of kids to a Sugar Ray song. That boy definitely has rhythm.

Midnight

What are we gonna do after the dance? Of course we didn't get invited anywhere, so I suggested going bowling. Ralph completely freaked out. "No bowling! No bowling!" Too bad, Ralph. We went "midnight bowling" at Parkway Bowl. It was me and Larry versus Ralph and Tammye, and we kicked their asses. Ha.

We weren't the only kids from the dance at the bowling alley all dressed up like us. Some girl even came up to Larry and asked, "Aren't you in Beck?"

That about ended our night. The guys paid for bowling then dropped us off at our houses to evaluate the evening by ourselves. And that's how our night ended.

But things didn't just end there. The guys promised to pay us back for the tickets, so I called Larry a week later and asked for the money. What does he tell me? "You should have put out at the dance."

"Oh, and one more thing," he said, "Since it's the holidays and all, the next time I see you, I got a big package for you to unwrap."

Ha ha, he thinks he's so funny. Well, you know what? The cheap fucker still owes us \$40 for the tickets.



for under 21, but Larry...forget it.

Surprisingly we made it in with no hassles. Larry even memorized a speech in case they didn't let him in. He was gonna raise a commotion about how his dad went to 'Nam to fight for the freedom to dance like he's Kevin Bacon in "Footloose". Hmmm, there were no problems going in, but we did get some odd looks from the teachers and chaperones

bullshitting in this really deep voice, "Hello. I'm class of '92." If any girl even bothered to look at him, he'd bust out his switchblade comb and run it through his hair and try to look suave.

Our outfits did catch a few eyes. One of the yearbook photographers asked to take our picture. Me and Ler were cropped out, but Tammye and Ralph made it into the annual.

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Are you under the age of 18? Yes	Age: (No)	
If you are under 18, are you currently enrolled in high school?		
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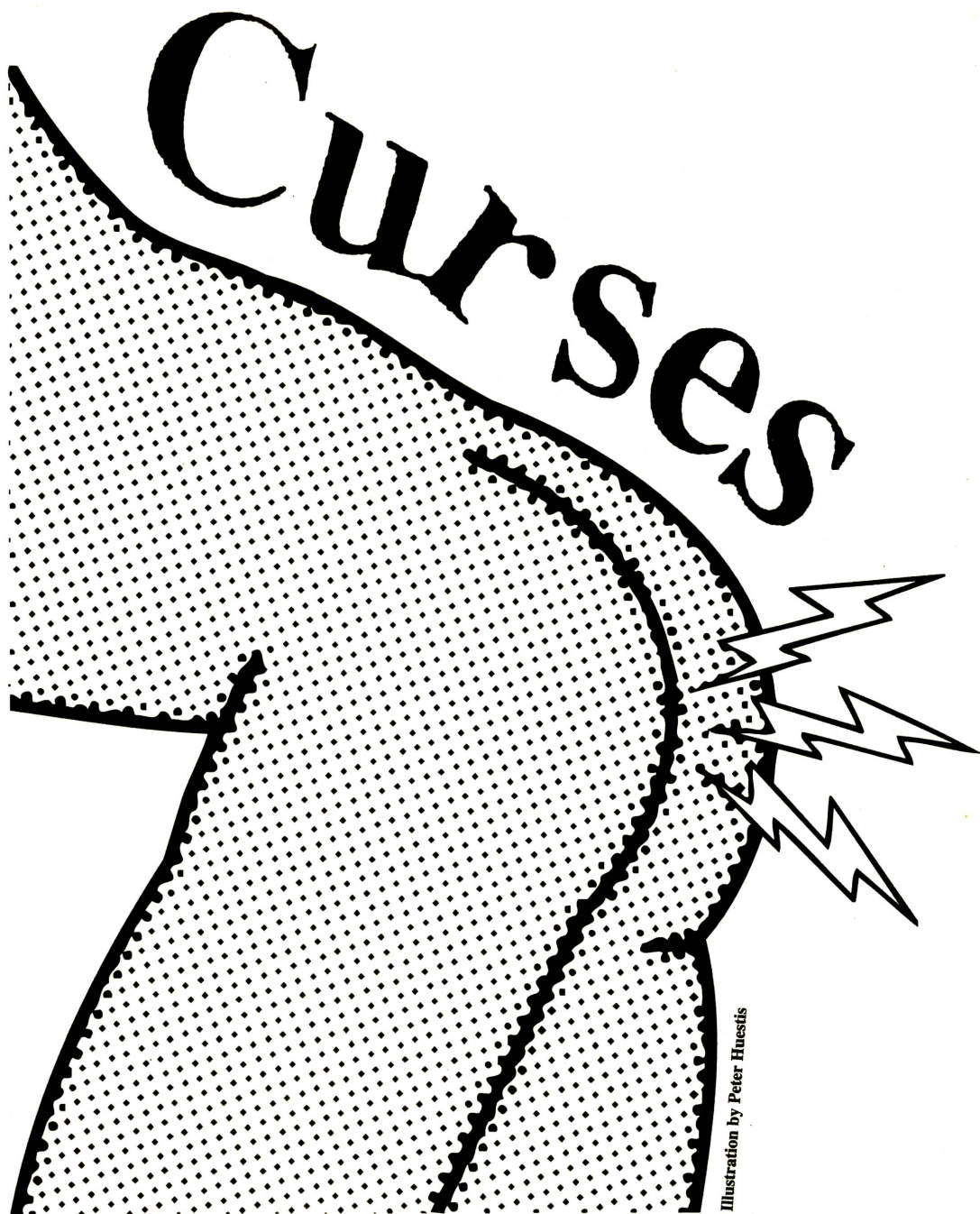
The uniform is our special trademark. Describe its appeal and why you are excited to wear it. FIRST OFF, VERTICAL STRIPES COMPLIMENT MY THIN, MUSCULAR FIGURE. I ALSO LOOK GOOD IN WARM COLORS BECAUSE I'M A STRAWBERRY BLOND WITH DEEP BLUE EYES. ANOTHER THING - I'M TALL (OVER 6') AND THE WATERMELON HAT WILL ALLOW ME TO TOWER OVER THE CUSTOMERS.

I certify that all information provided on this application is true, complete and correct.

Signature of Applicant [REDACTED] DAMN STRAIGHT!
Date 6/6/96

Date & Accepted by:





Between songs from the punk band playing in the basement of some drag queen bar in Boston, this guy standing in front of me flipping through a copy of *GD* asked, "You really like Satan? Are you a Satanist?"

My reply: "No, I just like to hang out."

And to my relatives, friends and readers that still
13 genetic

have their doubts, again, I would like to say that I am not a devil worshipper. No, I've never worshipped Satan, but I do believe in curses. At least sometimes.

I'm not the only one. My friend Smitty claims he curses people all the time. He doesn't bother with any stupid spells. He is more direct. When he

wants to curse somebody, he simply rubs his ass on something the person owns. Smitty told me he was working on a film and the assistant director had made it her job to make him miserable. To get back at her, he broke into her car and rubbed his ass on her steering wheel. On the drive home that day, her brakes went out and

she crashed into a pole.

His ass really can hurt you. I've seen one of his curses in action.

After I came back from the Kill Zines tour, Smitty hired me to help him with some contract work for the 1997 Lollapalooza tour. When it came time to get paid, his contact started backpedalling about the money they owed him. After being jerked around over getting paid, he went to their offices and rubbed the boss' phone all over his ass.

Two weeks later we were paid. At the same time, the tour was quickly becoming a disaster, dogged by bad press and bands abandoning the tour every other day. If you actually paid to see Dr. Octagon, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion or any of the other bands that either quit or turned down the tour, it was all because of Smitty's ass.



Von's curse caused a lot more damage than bruising a few rock stars' egos. With just a few evil thoughts, he sent a group of bullying jocks to the hospital.

When he was a freshman in high school, Von was occasionally pushed around by some older jocks.

One afternoon Von's PE class had to ride in the back of the coach's truck to a gym pool located a few miles away. When Von climbed in the back of the truck, one of the jocks told him to get out and walk, otherwise he was going to kick Von's ass. Von crawled out and while all of the jocks laughed,

he quietly cursed them. It was the only thing he could do without getting punched in the face.

The coach started the truck's engine and pulled out of the parking lot, leaving Von to walk to the pool. As the kids started to leave him behind, Von watched the truck pull into traffic where it was immediately sideswiped, throwing the bullies into the street. Several were sent to the hospital, the most seriously injured was the kid who made Von get out and walk.



Anton LaVey always claimed that Jayne Mansfield's death was the result of one of his curses. Mansfield was known to hang around the head of the Church of Satan, and while in the midst of divorcing her third husband, Matt Cimber, Mansfield began dating a possessive lawyer named Sam Brody. LaVey couldn't stand Brody, and after a heated disagreement where Brody threatened to expose LaVey as a charlatan, LaVey placed a curse on him. He warned Mansfield to stay away from Brody, but they continued their relationship.

On June 28, 1968, Mansfield was traveling with Brody from Biloxi, Mississippi to New Orleans with their driver Ronnie Harrison and her three children. While en route, the highway became clouded in a thick cloud of mosquito pesticide. There was no way for them to see the slow moving 18-wheeler ahead of them. Their car plowed into the truck's trailer, killing the three

adults riding in the front seat. Mansfield's three children were asleep in the backseat and survived the accident.

On the night of the accident, LaVey claimed he was clipping a feature on himself from a German newspaper. When he turned the paper over, he noticed there was a photo of Mansfield on the opposite side. He had severed her head in the photo with scissors when he clipped the story out.

If you're creeped out by this, I've done far worse.



The first time I got drunk was in the eighth grade. It was all thanks to my friend Kenny. Kenny was partially handicapped, but that didn't stop him from throwing a good party. Sure, he had problems walking since both of his legs were bowed in a weird angle that prevented him from walking straight or running. And despite numerous operations throughout his childhood, he had no problem swiping \$40 from his dad's wallet and buying beer or pot. His parents both traveled and worked nights, which left him alone with his hot 18-year-old sister, Krissy, to look after him.

I actually knew Krissy before I knew Kenny. Krissy used to babysit my little brothers, Ryan and Toddy. Every time she'd come over, all of my friends would ride their bikes over to check out the hot babysitter. One afternoon when Krissy was over, Billy actually offered to steal a bottle of booze from his parents so we could ask Krissy to party with



Mike Smith, Lakewood, CA, 1981 (M. Fo)

THE ANSWER IS NEVER: A SKATEBOARDER'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

by Jocho Weyland

Grove Press, Fall 2002



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REAL-MAN CURT FLOOD:
THE MAN WHO
"RUINED" BASEBALL**

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**IT'S YESTERDAY'S STAG MAGAZINE
OF THE FUTURE TODAY!**

us. Everyone agreed it was a good idea, especially since I told them how she let me hang out with her and her two hot friends while they watched the nudie scenes from "Flashdance" while my parents were paying her to watch my 5- and 3-year-old brothers. When it came time for him to actually steal the bottle of booze, Billy pushed out, afraid that his mom would notice the bottle missing.

I became friends with Kenny a year later, hanging out at his house whenever his parents were out of town. One weekend, his parent's left and Krissy started calling all of her friends over for a party. Kenny demanded to invite some friends over or he said he'd rat her out.

As her friends started to arrive, she told Kenny, "You and your friends better stay in your room or I'm gonna fucking kill you."

Kenny knew she meant business. She shoved a 12-pack in his arms and pointed towards his bedroom door.

A 12-pack goes a long way between four eighth graders listening to Ratt and getting drunk for the first time. The party raged in the living room, but Frank, Derek, Kenny and I were happy playing tapes and sipping on lukewarm Budweiser. After taking a few hours to finish our first three beers, I was feeling a little toasty and gladly volunteered to go out and grab our second 12-pack that I stashed in the vegetable crisper. I walked past all the high school kids getting loaded, pulled our twelver out of the fridge and walked back

towards Kenny's room, when out of no where, a big guy stepped in front of me to block my path.

"Where do you think you're going with that beer, kid?"

"This is ours," I said meekly. "We paid for it. Ask Krissy."

"I don't give a shit," the muscular senior screamed. "I should kick your fucking ass just for being here. Who told you to come to our party?"

Krissy finally stepped in. "Hey, leave him alone."

"Okay, I'll let you go," he said. "Gimme a beer first."

I cracked open the box and gave him a beer.

"And one more for my friend."

I handed him another Bud. He then leaned in towards my face. "I better not see you again. If you come out of that room, I'm gonna kick your ass."

I was both shaking in fright and fuming in anger after walking the 15 feet back to Kenny's room. First, everyone yelled at me because two beers were missing. Ten beers between four guys fucked up our whole ratio. It didn't matter, because right then, I vowed to get even. I told the other guys that I knew where he lived and somehow I would do something to him that would make him regret ever picking on me for no reason.



Everything returned to normal the next day. On Monday, we were back in junior high, bragging that we were at a high school party with beer. But the following Monday, I

walked out of sixth period and saw a group of girl's crying hysterically. Someone walked up to me. "Dude, did you hear what happened on Saturday. There a party out by New River and a bunch of high school kids flipped their car into that big canal out there and drowned."

The details were all over the news. A group of six high school seniors were leaving a party and the driver didn't negotiate the turn while coming out of the river basin. The car flipped and landed upside down into a 20 foot wide canal. They all drowned, trapped upside down in the car. The driver was the guy who picked me the weekend before.

All six of the kids were popular and the whole town was devastated. As a result, the cops shut down every house party and set up a system so kegs could be tracked to the renter. The renter could then be charged for giving beer to minors if the cops busted a high school party. The high school also removed the "Biggest Partiers" section from the yearbook and built a memorial stage in the middle of the school quad. Also, the school started having drunk driving awareness seminars that went into graphic detail about the drowning, such as how there were scratch marks in the roof of the car from them trying to claw there way out of the car while strapped in upside down.

My stomach knotted up when I heard that.

That's why I believe in curses.



EXHIBIT "A"

WELCOME BACK, SOMA

To view this complete court document (case # 00703775) and other public court records, visit the Superior Court downtown at 330 W. Broadway.

7 9. In or around August 1996, defendants published, printed,
8 and circulated its publication of that date an article entitled "Is
9 Len Paul a Fuck?" That article was written by defendant DAWDY. A
10 true and correct copy of the article is attached to this Complaint
11 as Exhibit "A" and incorporated herein by this reference, as though
12 set forth at length.

13 10. The article is grossly libelous as it applies to PAUL and
14 his company, SOMA. Through defendants' false accusations and the
15 publication of same, defendants' have intentionally damaged PAUL's
16 professional reputation and attempted to destroy his business and
17 livelihood.

18 22. As a proximate result of the above-described publication,
19 PAUL has suffered loss of his reputation, shame, humiliation,
20 mortification, mental anguish and severe emotional and physical
21 distress, all to his damage in an amount to be determined at the
22 time of trial, according to proof.

24 34. As a direct and proximate result of the wrongful conduct
25 set forth above, PAUL has been subjected to contempt and obloquy by
26 his friends, relatives, neighbors, professional associates, and the
27 community generally and has lost reputation in the community, which
28 has caused him humiliation, shame, hurt feelings, anxiety, loss of

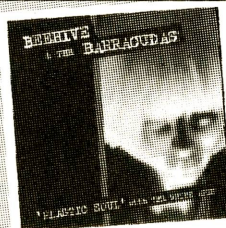
1 sleep and appetite, discord in his family, and mental anguish and
2 suffering, all to PAUL's damage in an amount to be determined at
3 the time of trial, according to proof.

17 44. As an actual and proximate result of defendant DAUDY's
18 outrageous conduct, PAUL has suffered humiliation, mental anguish
19 and severe emotional and physical distress, all to his general
20 damage in an amount to be proven at trial.

6 53. As a direct and proximate result of defendants' wrongful
7 conduct as previously alleged in this complaint, PAUL has suffered
8 severe emotional distress, including but not limited to humilia-
9 tion, mental anguish, and emotional and physical distress, all to
10 his damage, in an amount to be determined at the time of trial,
11 according to proof. 🐍🐍🐍

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a white limo.

Those same drugs made a lot of people do weird things, such as Aaron and his brother beating their parents' drug-sniffing-dogs-in-training with their reward towels. After a couple of whippings, all motivation to sniff out coke or pot would be removed.

One night at a drop out party with some older kids, I watched Hatcher, the son of a wealthy jeweler, scoop up a line of crystal meth and drop it into his eye. Without missing a beat, he went back to his story about his past year spent in jail.

But it didn't take drugs to make you a fuck up when you grow up in the Imperial Valley. There was a guy in my 4-H Club named Mike Hunt, for Christ sakes!

Greg was also in the same 4-H Club, only he raised sheep and I raised pigs. There were always rumors flying around that he used to fuck his sheep, but I never believed them until Albert told me last year he was the one who actually caught him in the lamb pen with his pants around his ankles and fucking the poor lamb, uh, doggy style. I hope his sheep was a female because fucking a male sheep would be just *too weird*.

Later in high school Greg discovered he had a biological sister in town (both were adopted by separate families in El Centro). Unfortunately they didn't discover they were bro and sis until two years after they met at a party and made out with each other.

Billy was a small, tobacco chewing kid that lived up the street from me. One afternoon skating in our neighborhood, I watched Billy get beat up by his girlfriend's older brother for

fucking his sister Brook in the ass. He just came charging at Billy screaming, "Did you fuck my little sister in the ass?!? Didja!?!?" Wham! Pow! Bam! When he finished pummeling Billy, he sternly instructed Billy to not fuck his sister in the ass again, ever.

Billy died a few years later by hitting a pole while driving drunk from his girlfriend's house. Same thing happened to Monty, except he never had a girlfriend. He was just a drunk who had the most degenerate drinking habit I've ever seen. To drink off his hangover after a party, he would collect all the empty bottles and cans and strain the remains through a coffee filter and into a pitcher. He would put the pitcher in the freezer for exactly 30 minutes, which just chilled it enough for him to slug it all down in just a few gulps.

Russell was so fucked up, he deserves a whole paragraph. He loved huffing gasoline out of the tank of his three-wheeler and jacking off his dog. After he quit huffing gas, he picked up this weird habit of casually choking himself. He could be doing anything – skateboarding, sitting in class, whatever – and he would lift his palms toward his neck, grip his throat with his thumbs and forefingers and squeeze for about five seconds. He would gasp, then go back to whatever he was doing.

I never met this kid Ryan, but he simply disappeared one day without a trace. The story goes his dad was a border patrol officer working as a double agent against a Mexican drug cartel. After bringing down the cartel, Ryan and his family packed up and moved as part of the witness protection program and now he likes hockey and

ends his sentences with "eh". Incidentally, Ryan was the only male to go out for the Central Union High School cheerleading squad. Everyone called him a fag, but his response was, "while you're sitting in math class, I'm starting out my day with the 10 hottest girls in the school bending over and sticking their asses in my face."

I knew Hino my whole life. Even after his parents' divorce and he moved out of the house across the street, we still hung out and got into all kinds of trouble. Most of it involved blowing things up with shot-guns, M-80s and blasting caps.

Every day before school, I would ride my bike to his house and hang out unsupervised for a half hour or so before having to leave for school.

One morning out of nowhere, Hino blurted out, "I wonder if my mom has a vibrator? Let's go have a look." We went upstairs and he started rummaging through her dresser and bathroom cabinets. Being the more resourceful of the two, I lifted up the mattress. I know that's where I'd hide anything I didn't want someone to find, that is if I didn't have a kick ass waterbed all through the '80s.

I lifted up the mattress and there it was. We stared in silence at the sight of this huge, pink battery powered dong. Hino broke the silence by picking it up and twisting the dark dial at its base. The thing startled me with its ferocity, and at 13 years old, I stared at it, hoping to God that my dick would grow to that gigantic size by the time I hit high school.

Of course we told the entire junior high about it that morning. Supposedly after school that day while I was out feeding the pigs, Brent, a neigh-

**melvins, hank williams III, nebula, death cab for cutie
wire, the makers, rocket from the crypt, nirvana, muffs
melt banana, jon spencer blues explosion, white stripes
the cherry valence, big sandy, new bomb turks, jonathan
richman, smashing pumpkins, morphine, the breeders
drive like jehu, guided by voices, zen guerrilla, dragons
supersuckers, girls against boys, cornelius, last of the
juanitas, mother hips, dave edmunds, neon king kong
hellacopters, spoon, southern culture on the skids, fu
manchu, neko case, x, pedro the lion, apples in stereo
el vez, hot snakes, wedding present, juliana hatfield, the
cult, weezer, the jesus lizard, cows, ? & the mysterians
kid 606, adolescent weirdos, social distortion, smile
the dirtbombs, rock the crown review man or astroman?
liz phair, alannis morissette, night school man, black rebel
motorcycle club, r.e.m. inside, three mile pilot, modest
mouse, gas huffer, and the donut, mono men, raw power
tanner, looper, guitar wolf, dj swamp, neurosis, medeski
martin & wood, dismemberment plan, mouse on mars
no knife, link wray, cibo matto, fantomas, charlie hunter
fishwife, t.s.o.l., L7, gogogo airheart, the gossip, pinback
nashville pussy, crash worship, hubert sumlin, baseme
jaxe, the strokes, reverend horton heat, flogging molly
supergrass, the black heart procession, stiff little finger
sky saxon & the seeds, wanda jackson, the sea and cake
the dictators, blonde redhead, mike watt, calexico, cat
power, j mascis, the fucking champs, dirty three, bright
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borhood tough guy had Hino show him the vibrator. Then Brent rubbed itching powder all over it.

When we weren't digging through his mom's stuff, we were over at his dad's tearing the place apart. About a week after finding his mom's pink pylon, we discovered about a quarter pound of weed stashed at his dad's house. Of course we promptly stole it and buried it under the floorboards of our fort.

When his dad came home from work, he repeatedly asked Hino angrily, "Where is that package your Uncle Freddy left here by mistake?!? You better give it back to me right now," until Hino sheepishly went outside to dig it up.



Everyone knows people with nicknames, but I've never met anyone who knows such a diversity of guys who are known solely by some visible trademark. Fry Guy, Sandwich, Gobo, Moonhead, Otter, El Loco Moco, Gumby, Casper. They're all people from the Valley, but some deserve more of an explanation.

Cream – He looked like the kid on the Cream of Wheat box.

Kraut Dog – He got his name because he was German. In actuality, he was just a grease monkey from Imperial, but apparently he had an Aryan ancestor so the Imperial kids all referred to him as the Kraut Dog. His parents flipped out one afternoon when they found a note he left himself as a reminder to watch this cool movie we told him about. The note read, "Better Off Dead' at

4:30 today." He also had to hide his metal and punk tapes in the attic, otherwise his parents would throw them away and put him on restriction.

Caca/Chocolaté – Imagine if your nickname was "Shit". What he was called depended on who was around him. The Mexican kids gave him his nicknames because he is/was a dark skinned Mexican.

Dutch Boy – Dutch Boy didn't get his name because he liked to stick his fingers in dykes. He was a paint huffer with a constant ring of flaky gold paint around his lips.

Deaf Jam/Shamu – Everyone in El Centro knows who Deaf Jam is. He used to dance up Imperial Avenue and boogie down Main Street listening to his Walkman. A big guy dancing down the street listening to music isn't all that weird, but when it's a big *deaf* guy dancing around town with his headphones blaring, well, that's strange. In junior high he was known as Shamu. He was big like a whale and loved punching smaller kids while making undersea Orca noises. After leaving kids crying on the ground, he would laugh with no sound coming out of his mouth while calling the defeated kid a pussy in sign language.

The weaker kids, myself included, couldn't kick his ass, but we could get some satisfaction by calling him names like Shamu and Fuck Face while standing next to him, knowing full and well that he couldn't hear a single word being said about him.

Squeak – He's small and whines a lot. "Ah, man, Larry,

buy me a burrito, bro." I got a ton of stories about Squeak, but I promised not to write about them. So be sure to ask me about the post prom bloody tampon story next time we hang out.

Goggles – He only owned one pair of prescription glasses. The only problem was they were prescription sunglasses. Standing in a dark backyard around a keg at midnight, and there would be Goggles, drinking a beer in his shades.

Boner – This guy was certifiably weird. What made it even worse was the guy was just scary looking. Picture a 90-pound Crispin Glover with a flat top, bad acne scars and dressed in a frayed, cheap suit. He oozed creepiness. Even little kids gave this poor guy a hard time, riding by on bikes yelling, "Hey, Boner!" The older BMX stoners once offered him some beef jerky, not bothering to tell him that it was a giant, freshly peeled scab until after he ate it. And when he got caught shoplifting a pair of shades from Driscoll's, Brett Driscoll didn't just chase him down, he told him he wasn't welcomed back in the skate shop with a roundhouse kick to the head. As for how he got his nickname, the rumor was that he popped a boner in shower at Wilson Junior High in 1981 and he is still called Boner 21 one years later.

Shit Eye – He had a bunk eye.

One thing people from the Valley do is talk a lot of shit.

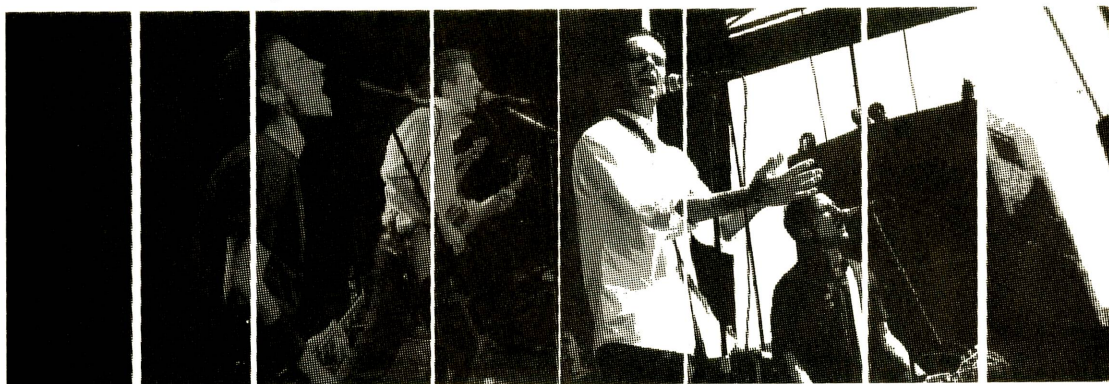


Naturally, in a small town with a lot of fuck ups and drug-

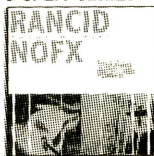
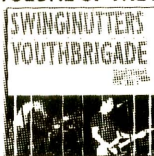
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gies, there are going to be run ins with the law. Dealing with things is a little bit different down there. If you do get into trouble with the cops, the first things you do is hire a big city attorney from San Diego. It worked for Neil Sharma, who stabbed my friend Eric to death at a party. It also worked for attorney John Duddy, who was accused of paying high school boys a measly \$35 for sex. When I was in the eighth grade, one of the biggest insults was to be called a "Duddy Buddy".

Keith the Dungeon Master was a fat ex-Dominos Pizza deliveryman who supervised the kids stuck in the library basement known as "The Dungeon" for at-school suspension. The year after I graduated he was caught attempting to videotape girls in the high school locker room. The cops didn't even bother going after

him. He quickly turned in a poorly spelled resignation letter and was let go with no repercussions. Last I heard he was back to delivering pizzas.

If Keith the Dungeon Master had been arrested and convicted of trying to make child pornography, there's a good chance he could have found himself placed in one of the two state prisons built in the Imperial Valley since 1990. Had that happened, there was also a good chance that the once mighty Dungeon Master would now be pushed around by both prisoners and guards that he disciplined in high school. Now that would have been a good story.

But not everyone from the Imperial Valley is a fuck up or a weirdo. There are plenty of normal, everyday people that you would never want to meet.

Surprisingly, a couple of

celebrities and a handful of pro athletes have come out of the Imperial Valley. Cher was born in Calexico, but her family didn't stick around long. Stan played football for the Chicago Bears, but couldn't handle the status. He's selling real estate now. Glen was a starter for the Denver Broncos but now plays for The Chiefs. He still lives in El Centro during the off-season and owns one of the only nightclubs in town. Donal (that's how he spells it) has starred in quite a few movies, but is still best known as "Jimmy the Cabdriver". Honestly, I never thought his Fox sitcom would last more than a couple of episodes, but apparently the show is still going strong.

And me? I moved out of that place as soon as I finished high school and never looked back.

☺☺☺

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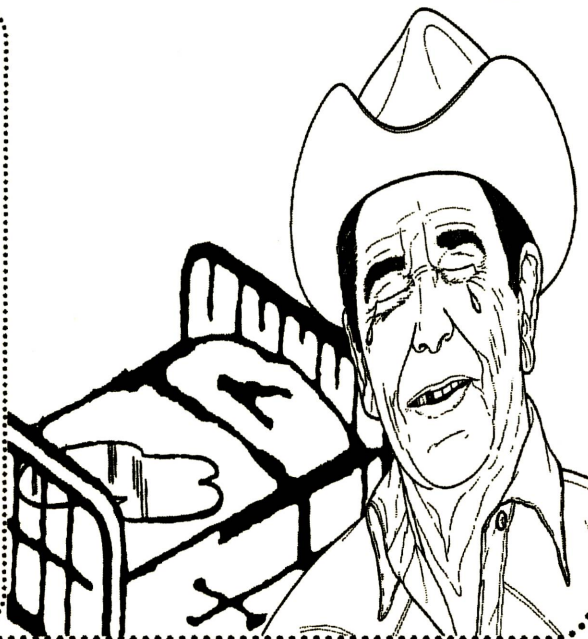
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MONDAY: "WHAT'S A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU DOING AT A PLACE CALLED 'DICK'S'?" SHE WASN'T AMUSED. DICK'S LAST RESORT, DOWNTOWN



Photo by Ryan Loyko



Photo by Jens Rossen

TUESDAY: I DON'T SMOKE, BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO CARRY A LIGHTER. "HERE, LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT." SHE THANKED ME AND WALKED OFF WITH SOME GUY.
**CLUB KENSINGTON,
KENSINGTON**

WEDNESDAY: I PULLED
THE CHEESEST MOVE
EVER. I HANDED THIS
GIRL A DRINK WITH
A PAPER ROSE MADE
FROM A COCKTAIL
NAPKIN. I SHOULD
HAVE SAVED THE
MONEY AND WENT TO
THE BARBER
INSTEAD.

ROCK BOTTOM,
DOWNTOWN



Photo by Ryan Loyko



Photo by Brian Davis

THURSDAY: THIS GIRL TOOK ONE LOOK AT
ME AS I APPROACHED, MOVED OUT OF THE
BOOTH AND RAN LOOKING FOR HER FRIENDS.
NUNU'S, HILLCREST



Photo by Ryan Loyko

FRIDAY: I JUST DROPPED \$8 PLUS TIP FOR TWO MARGARITAS AND SHE WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.
FRED'S MEXICAN CAFE, OLDTOWN

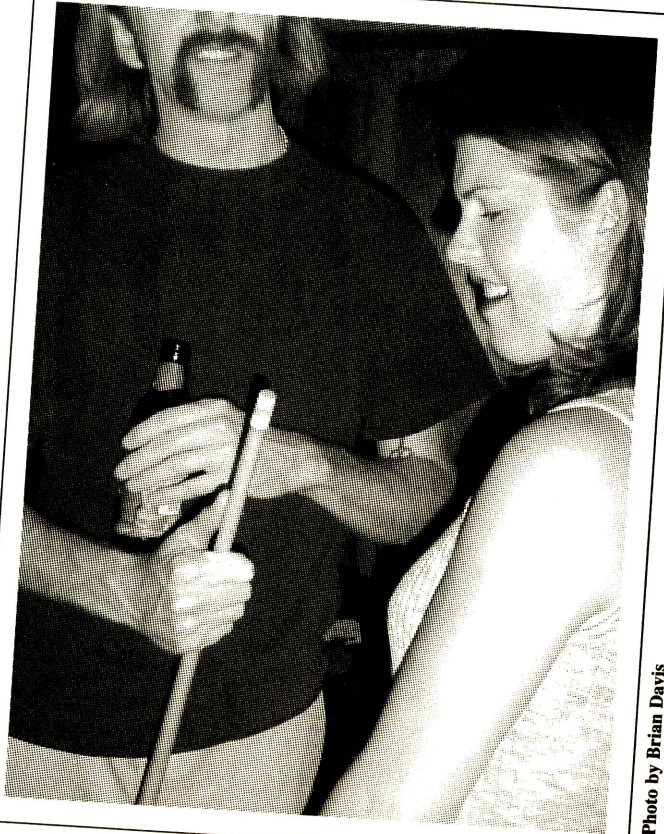


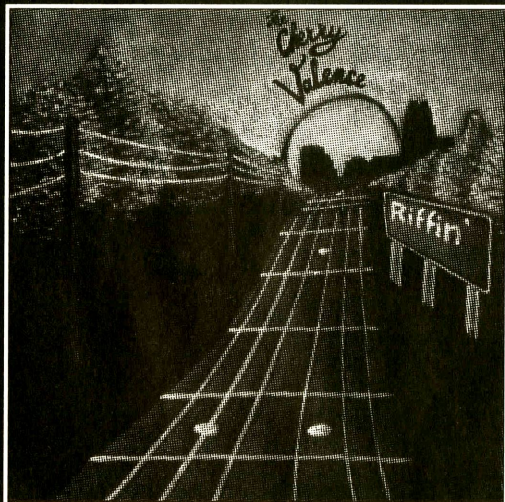
Photo by Brian Davis

SATURDAY: AFTER A FEEBLE PICK-UP LINE, SHE SAID, "LIKE, ZINKS, SHAGGY. WHY DON'T YOU GO SOLVE A MYSTERY."
LANCER'S, UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS



Photo by Ryan Loyko

SUNDAY: AFTER SIX DAYS OF HAVING
NO LUCK, I THOUGHT I'D TRY A
DIFFERENT APPROACH.
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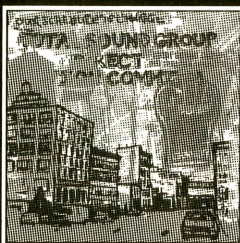
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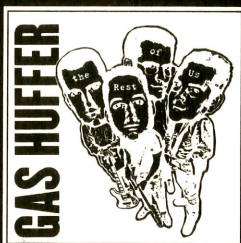
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VOL. 3 CD



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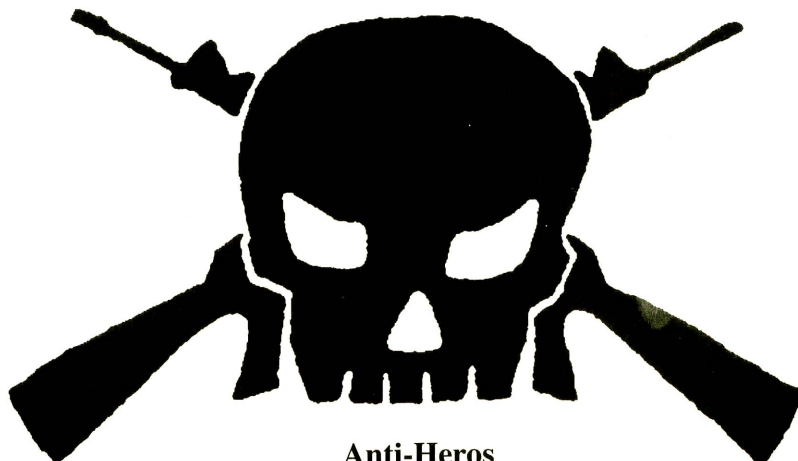
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Agression



Battalion of Saints



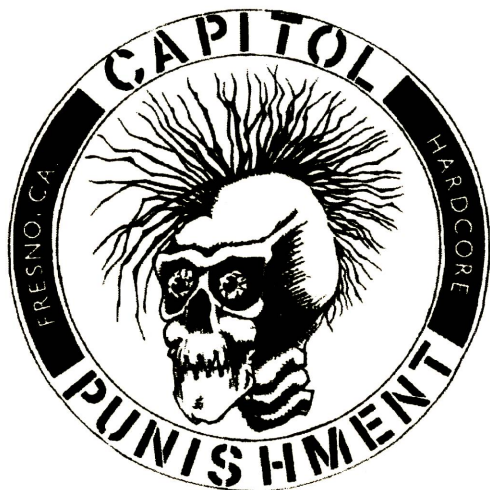
Anti-Heros



Blitz



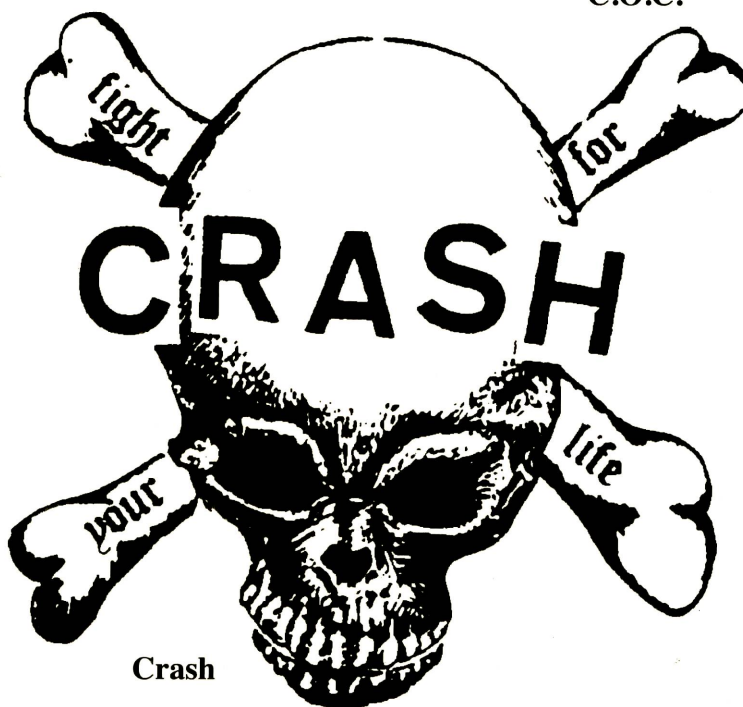
Broken Bones



Capitol Punishment

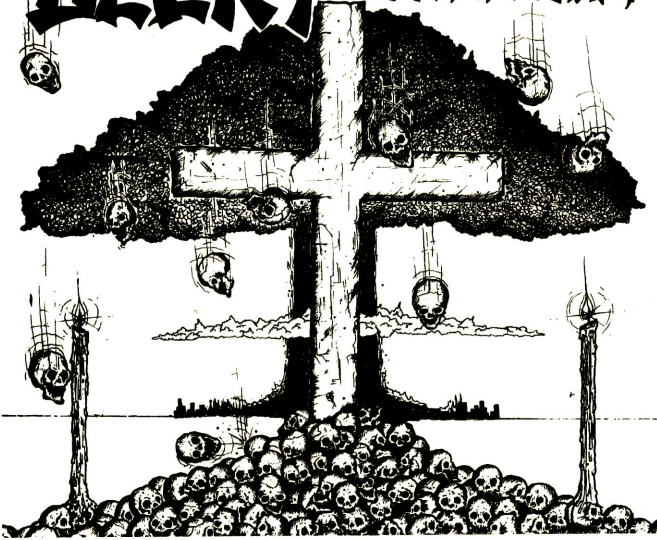


C.O.C.

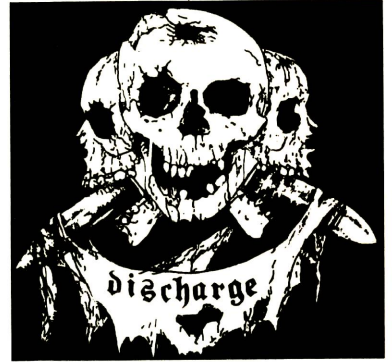


Crash

DECRY "FALLING"



Decry



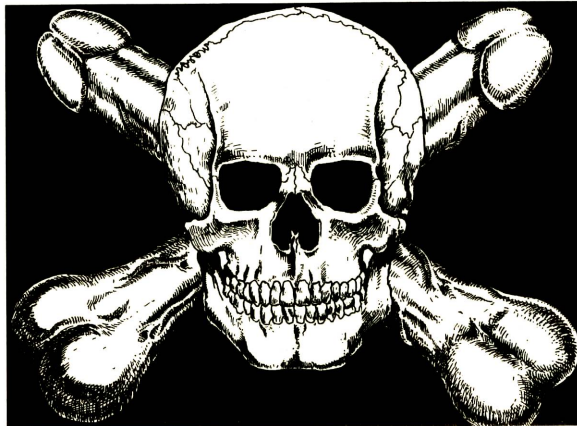
Discharge



D.R.I.



The Exploited



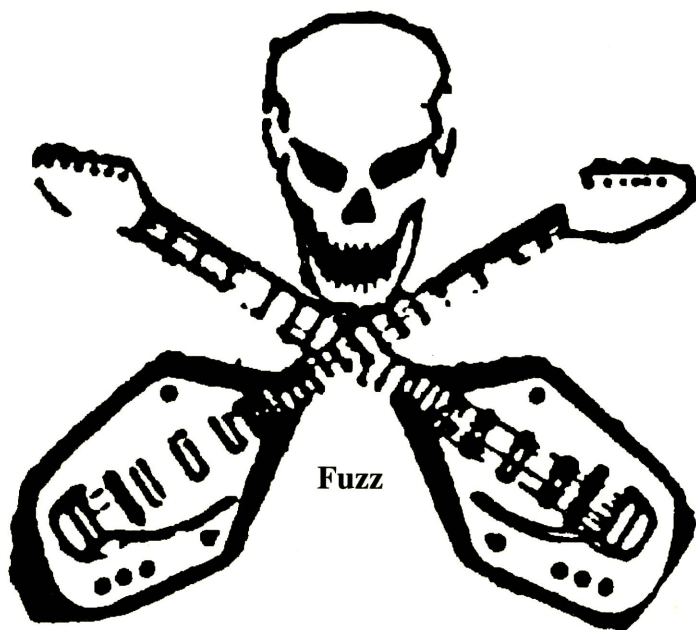
Dwarves



The Faction



Fang



Fuzz



Germes



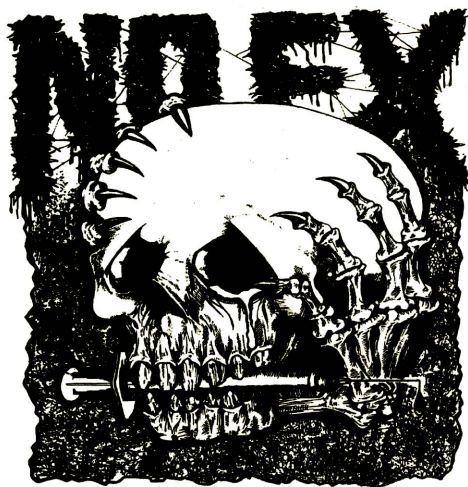
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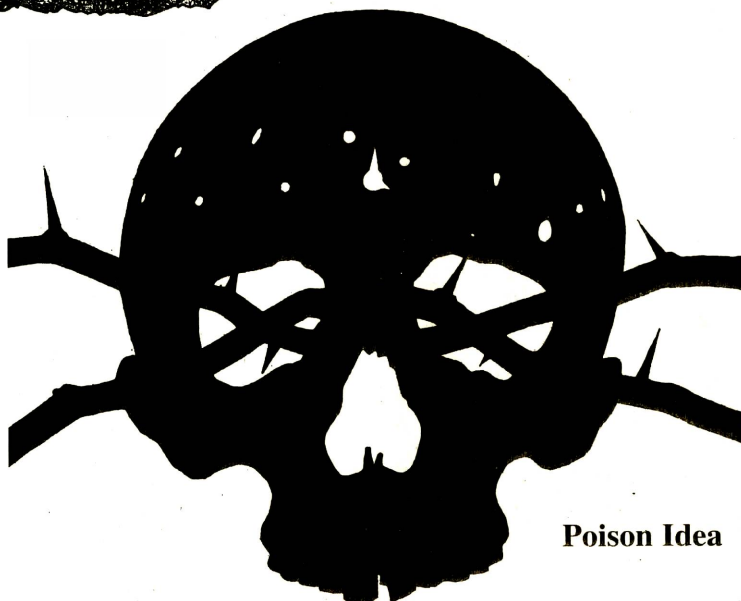
Meatmen



Misfits

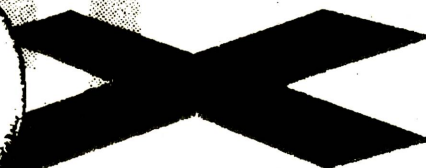
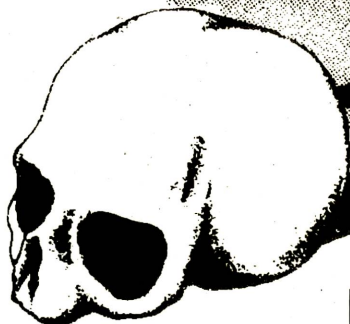


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SHATTERED FAITH



Shattered Faith



Social Distortion



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Your Flesh fanzine



Dates from Hell

Text by Larry Layout by Philski Illustrations by Peter Huestis



January 10, 1999 – Members of the St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in La Mesa* found pentagrams, anti-religious and white supremacist slogans painted on their church when they arrived for Sunday services.

January 13, 2000 – Charles "Satan" Nealy Young and at least one accomplice vandalized a historic cemetery in Cleburne, TX, causing approximately \$100,000 worth of damage. Young, who was on parole after serving time for arson, was later charged with toppling 109 grave-stones and smashing an iron fence at the Caddo Cemetery. When he was arrested, Young was wearing a pentagram necklace with the number "666" on it.

Jan 17, 2000 – Jason Newsted announced he quit Metallica because of the physical damage he suffered during his 14 years in the band.

January 18, 2001 – Marilyn Manson and actress Rose McGowan announced their break up, citing "lifestyle difference" as their reason for calling off their upcoming

engagement.

January 20, 2002 – A Nevada man armed with a small arsenal of weapons broke into The Bohemian Grove compound in Monte Rio, CA, hoping to stop what were believed to be occult rituals involving human sacrifices. The Bohemian Grove is a secured

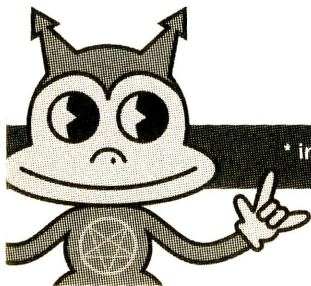
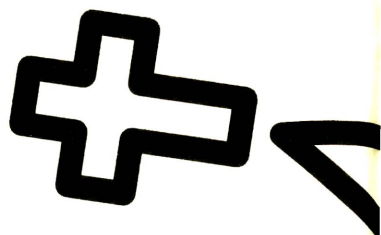
"The three believed Satan would reward them and their band, Hatred, with fame and fortune"

encampment that hosts private meetings, drawing the world's elite business and political leaders. After setting fire to a large dining hall, Richard McCasling, dressed in body armor, a skeleton mask and a costume that depicted him as the "Phantom Patriot," was captured by sheriff's deputies. A former Marine, McCasling had become obsessed with the conspiracy theories of Satanic sacrifices surrounding the grove and decided to put a stop to them.

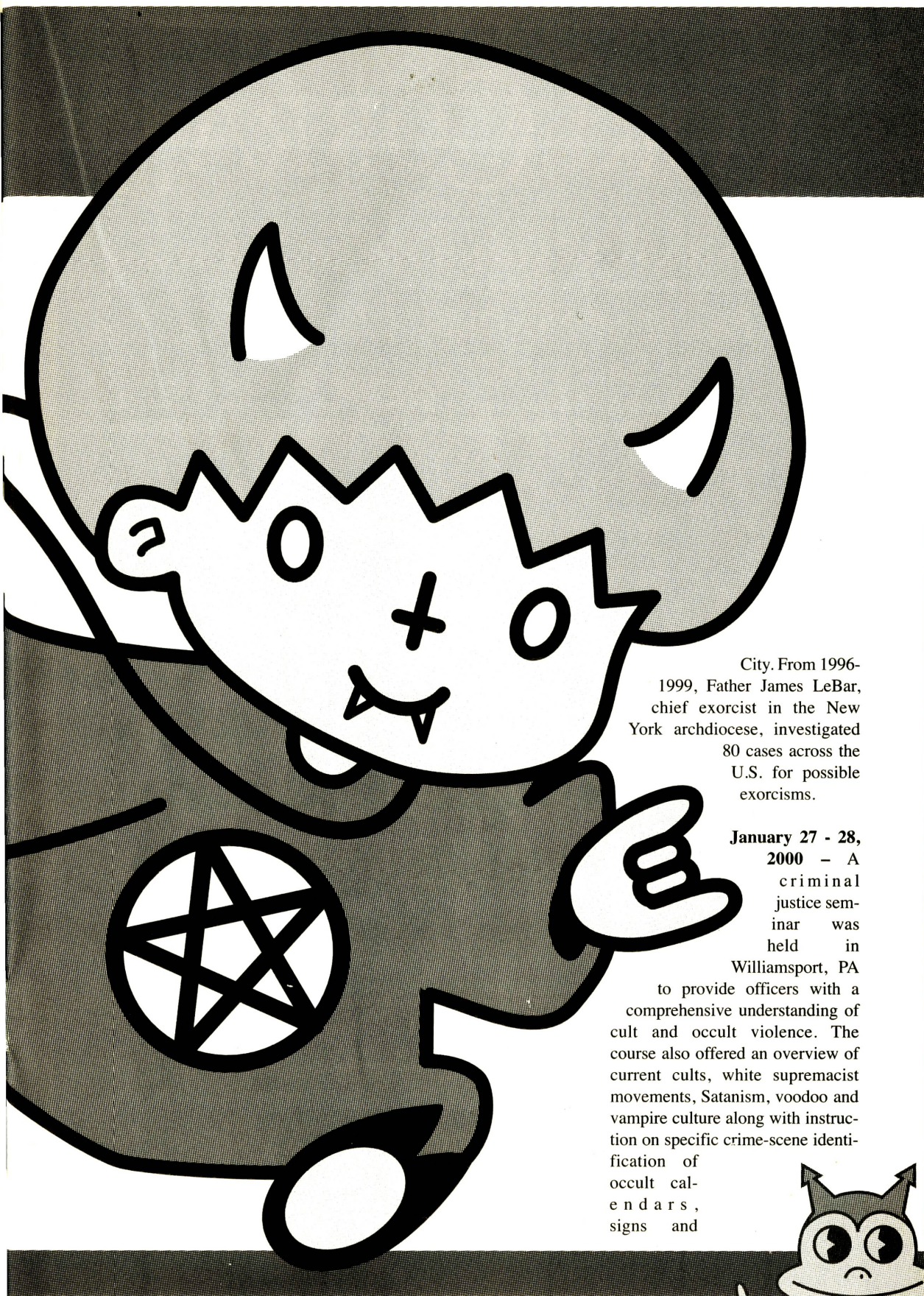
January 23, 2001 – A California Superior Court Judge threw out a civil suit against heavy metal band Slayer, ruling that the band's music could not be held responsible for inciting three teenagers to murder a 15-year-old girl. Elyse Pahlmer was stabbed to death July 22, 1995, after being lured from her parent's home in Arroyo Grande, CA with

the promise of smoking marijuana. The three teens led her to a remote eucalyptus grove where she was choked and stabbed as a virgin sacrifice to Satan. The three believed Satan would reward them and their band, Hatred, with fame and fortune. Investigators also believed the teens had sex with her corpse immediately after she was killed. All three pleaded no contest to murder and are currently serving twenty-five years to life in prison.

January 26, 1999 – The Vatican issued new guidelines for performing exorcisms and emphasized its continued belief in the literal existence of Satan. "Anyone who says [the devil] doesn't exist wouldn't have the fullness of the Catholic faith," Cardinal Jorge Arturo Medina Estevez said in Vatican



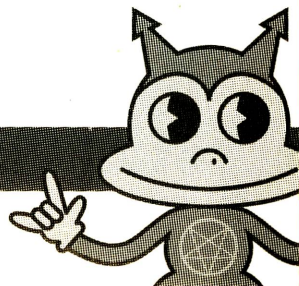
* indicates a San Diego neighborhood, region or suburb



City. From 1996-1999, Father James LeBar, chief exorcist in the New York archdiocese, investigated 80 cases across the U.S. for possible exorcisms.

January 27 - 28, 2000 - A criminal justice seminar was held in Williamsport, PA

to provide officers with a comprehensive understanding of cult and occult violence. The course also offered an overview of current cults, white supremacist movements, Satanism, voodoo and vampire culture along with instruction on specific crime-scene identification of occult calendars, signs and



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symbols of the occult, ritual ground markings and clues unique to black magic and cult homicides.

February 9, 2000 – A controversy erupted in London when information emerged that two psychotherapists received a £22,000 government grant to produce evidence of Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA). Critics labeled it a waste of taxpayer money because the government had declared SRA a myth years earlier. After several UK satanic panics in the early '90s, the government investigated reports of SRA and found no evidence to support it.

February 18, 2001 – Vandals left satanic graffiti on a Chinese-American monument in at the gateway to Webber Point in Stockton, CA. Graffiti left included "666" and "Satan is Stockton."

February 21, 1999 – Police arrested Jay Scott Ballinger, 36, after he admitted burning dozens of churches in the Midwest. A local policeman became suspicious of Ballinger after receiving an emergency call from paramedics about a man suffering from 2-day-old burns on his face,

neck, chest, legs and hands. Under questioning, he admitted to burning church-

es in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, Indiana, Ohio and Alabama, but investigators believe he may also be responsible for church arsons in four other states. Ballinger caught the attention of local authorities earlier in 1994 when parents complained of a man trying to recruit area teens to his satanic cult. Police found 50 contracts signed in blood

do all types of Evil in services to our Lord until the end of time. In return for my soul I shall receive

Wealth, Power, Success, and Sex for the rest of my NATURAL BORN LIFE."

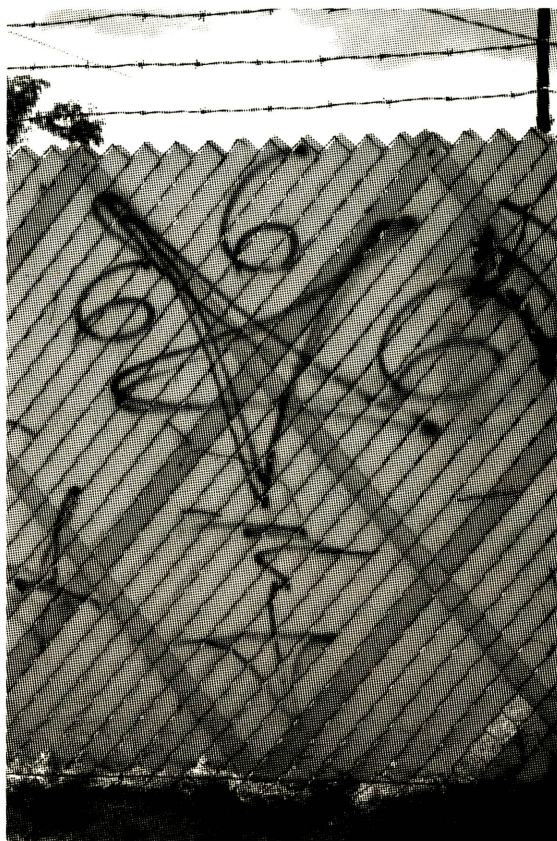
"The couple befriended the girl by giving her satanic jewelry and other satanic items"

February 24, 1998 – Avowed Satanist Glen Mason, 24, strangled Shewan Geoghegan, a

14-year-old runaway in an abandoned building in Santa Monica, CA as a sacrifice to Satan. Mason was later found guilty of murder. Also charged and convicted for their roles in the murder were Dennis Ronald Scott, 24, and Elizabeth Ann Mangham, 17. Geoghegan was lured to the abandoned building, then bound and gagged before she was strangled with a belt. Dead animals and satanic symbols were found near the scene of the crime. Scott was captured in Birmingham, AL, after he was profiled on *America's Most Wanted*.

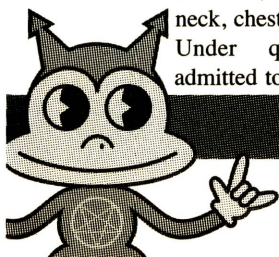
February 25, 2000 – A passenger aboard a Spirit Airlines flight from Detroit to Los Angeles was arrested after he shoved the pilot and accused him and the crew of practicing witchcraft and black magic. Tareq Kakish, 20, was arrested after the plane was forced to land in Denver. The altercation began when a flight attendant asked Kakish to fasten his seat belt. He refused and when the pilot came to assist the attendant, Kakish shoved the pilot and called him "evil" before making the black magic accusation.

March 1, 2000 – Grosse Pointe

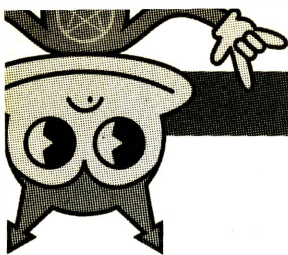


Satanic graffiti at Evergreen Cemetery, El Centro, CA

Photo by Art Eugenio



by teenagers who agreed to "...give my body and soul to Lucifer and for all Eternity, I promise in blood to



North High
School in
Grosse
Pointe

Woods, MI, was closed after officials found satanic graffiti on the walls of two bathrooms. The graffiti included a pentagram, an inverted cross, and several messages, including "Be afraid. This is no joke. You all must die," and "If a student at North dies, you know I've committed suicide."

March 2, 1999 – Following a lawsuit by a Detroit high school student and Wiccan Crystal Seifferly, Lincoln Park School Superintendent Randall Kite announced he would remove "witches and pagans" from the school's list of prohibited groups. Seifferly filed suit after the school district banned the wearing of pentacles, along with symbols associated with white supremacy, gangs and satanic worship.

March 5, 2001 – Freshman Charles Andrew Williams opened fire at Santana High School in Santee*, smiling as he gunned down 17 people, killing two and wounding 15. Williams fired over 80 rounds before he was captured by police. Friends told reporters Williams spent his time skateboarding and

practicing the bass guitar in hopes of starting a heavy metal band called Army of the Wicked.

March 14, 1997 – While fighting a delusional

School officials in Van Wert, OH, said the shirts could be banned because they were "vulgar, offensive and contrary to the

educational mission of the school." The day Boroff wore the shirt to school, a school administrator told him to either turn the shirt inside out or go home and change. Boroff left and returned to school for the next four days wearing a different Marilyn Manson shirt. He was sent home each time.

March 25, 2001 –

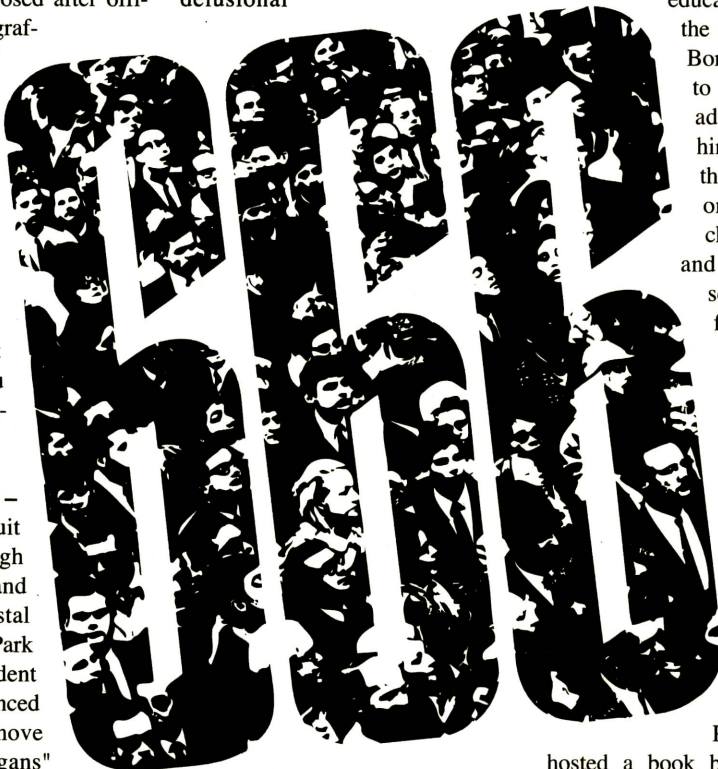
Members of the Harvest Assembly of God Church in suburban

Pittsburgh, PA,

hosted a book burning to purge themselves from the items that stand between them and their faith. Among the items thrown into the bonfire were Pearl Jam and Black Sabbath CDs, *Pinocchio* and *Hercules* videos and numerous *Harry Potter* books. "We believe that *Harry Potter* promotes sorcery, witchcraft-type things, the paranormal, things that are against God," Rev. George Bender said. "That is really bad."

March 28, 1999 – Vandalism caused approximately \$10,000 in damage to a Marysville, MI, Seventh-Day Adventist Church. The vandals smashed musical instruments and painted satanic symbols, including the number "666" on walls and pews. The vandals also left the water running in the church office.

March 31, 2000 – Indiana Civil



battle with Satan, David Holt, 45, who weighs approximately 200 pounds, killed his 83-year-old mother by sitting on her. Holt,

who was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1978, occasionally lived with his elderly mother at her Pacific Beach* home. He was later found not guilty by reason of insanity at his murder trial one year later.

"...give my body and soul to Lucifer and for all Eternity"

March 19, 2001 – Former Van Wert High School student Nicholas Boroff lost a Supreme Court appeal that he had the right to wear Marilyn Manson T-shirts to class.

Liberties Union filed suit against Elwood Community School Corp after the school banned 17-year-old National Honor Society student Brandi Lehman, a practicing Wiccan, from wearing her pentagram necklace. A second student, senior Shauntee Chaffin, also a practicing Wiccan, filed a similar suit after she was subpoenaed in Lehman's case.

April 1, 2000 – Police in Alicante, Spain found the bodies of Jose Rabadan's parents and his nine-year-old retarded sister in their home, all three slashed to death with a samuri sword. Along with the bloodied sword, police also found several books on martial arts and *Satanism*. Rabadan was quickly captured trying to escape at a train station.

April 2, 2002 – The mother of a woman killed in a car accident after leaving a party at Marilyn Manson's house filed suit against the rocker for providing 28-year-old Jennifer Syme with cocaine prior to the car accident that killed her. The lawsuit contends that by providing cocaine to the Los Angeles woman, her driving was impaired, which caused her to crash into three parked cars and roll her car on its side.

April 4, 1998 - Police in Price, UT, arrested William Smith III, 19, and his pregnant wife Melodie, 18, after

their car broke down while driving from West Valley, UT, with three underage runaways with them. They were soon charged with the rape and kidnap of a child after police discovered the couple had sexual relations with one of the runaway girls. The girl, 13, admitted she had sex with the couple, along with drinking alcohol and taking

Orlando, FL, in 1996 to escape Bosch's harassment. After hitchhiking from Spokane to Orlando, Bosch sought out members of the city's Wiccan community and made threats, such as "I don't believe killing them would be wrong. They've wronged me. If you hurt me, you're going to pay."



Black metal band, *Dark Funeral*

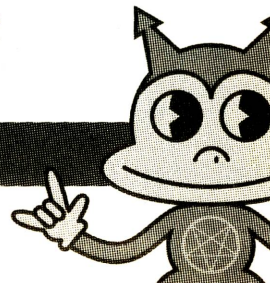
drugs, but said all of her actions were consensual. Authorities claimed the couple befriended the girl by giving her satanic jewelry and other satanic items.

April 10, 2000 – John Bosch was convicted of stalking after he spent 13 days hitchhiking 3,000 miles with an 18-inch dagger in order to challenge a Wiccan family to a duel to the death. The victims had moved from Spokane, WA, to

feet two days later on Easter Sunday in Sierra County. Police arrested Bernard's daughter, Kendra Bernard, 38, at the San Leandro home of her boyfriend and charged her with the murder. Kendra's father told reporters that she was a "problem child" who had been fascinated with Satanism since she was a little girl.

April 12, 1998 – Easter morning worshippers at St. Augustine's Parish in Spokane, WA, were greeted by satanic graffiti left by late-night vandals. The messages included "Satan Rules," "Fuck you God" and "Jesus died for his sins not mine". The 2,000 member Catholic church was the third church in Spokane that was vandalized with satanic messages in the past 12 months.

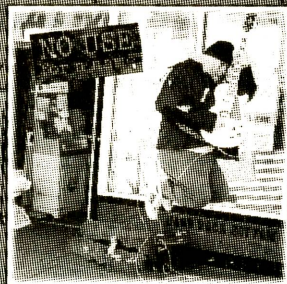
April 13, 2001 – A 62-year-old Antioch, CA, woman disappeared on Friday the 13th, her body found without a head, hands and





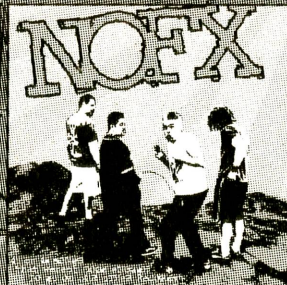
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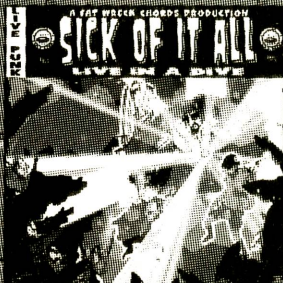
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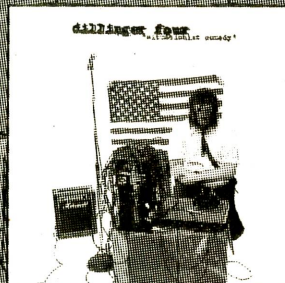
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April 17, 1998 – After killing 12-year-old David Cardenas with a metal pipe in the small town of Donna, TX, 21-year-old Pablo Vasquez drank the boy's blood and removed both arms, several teeth, a foot and his scalp. When Vasquez was arrested for the murder, he told police that the devil commanded him to kill Cardenas. Authorities also pointed to the significance of the date of the murder, saying that April 17 and 18 are satanic holidays that call for a human sacrifice.

April 20, 2001 – An off-duty sheriff's deputy heading home from his shift in Naples, FL, found a young couple shot at a picnic area in Seminole State Park. The woman, Christine Mayer, 24, was dead at the scene, but her boyfriend, Frank Oehring, 28, was still breathing and coughing up blood. He died later that afternoon. Investigators labeled the shooting a bizarre missing persons case that ended in a murder-suicide. Oehring and Mayer had fled from Stewartville, MO, to Portland, OR, after he had been released on bond for the attempted murder of his ex-wife. From there, the pair was supposed to visit British Columbia for two weeks with Mayer's friend, 21-year-old Kim Henson and her two daughters, a two-year-old and a 3-month-old infant. The mother and daughters are still missing and police have no clues to their whereabouts, but her birth certificate was found torn in half at the scene of the murder-suicide.

April 24, 1998 – Andrew

Worst, a 14-year-old student at James W. Parker Middle School in Edinboro, PA, shot and killed an eighth grade science teacher at a school dance. Worst, known as "Satan" to his friends, shot John Gillette, 48, in the head before firing several more shots that wounded two students and another teacher.

May 1, 2000

– In opening arguments in a lawsuit between Amway and Proctor & Gamble, attorneys for P&G asked for at least \$595 million in damages, charging that rival Amway Corp. continues to spread false rumors that P&G is linked to Satanism. P&G has been battling the rumors since the '70s, when a story spread about the consumer products giant was funneling money to the Church of Satan.

"...lured from her parent's home... with the promise of smoking marijuana"

ritual. The victim, Robert Menendez, 22, met Harris through email and began a discussion about Satanism and satanic web sites. The two later met in person to perform a ritual, where they both sliced their hands and mixed their blood, then drew a pentagram in the dirt while

chanting. Apparently Harris wanted to go further and began stabbing Menendez in the neck as many as nine times with a butcher knife. Menendez survived by walking to a nearby house and asking the residents to phone the paramedics.

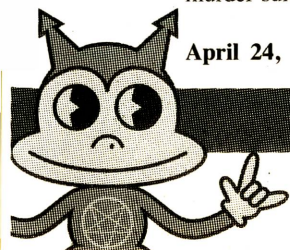
May 28, 1998 – Miroslav Satan, left wing for the Buffalo Sabres, was fined \$1,000 by the NHL after league officials witnessed Satan giving a "glancing blow" to Capitals left wing Chris Simon with the top of his stick.

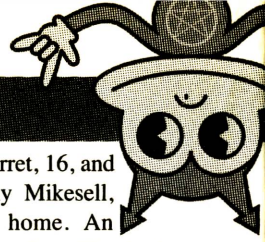
June 1, 1998 – Dressed in a black satin robe and carrying a Bible and a large silver cross, Baron Deacon

attempted to exorcise the dragons and demons from Capital Hill in Washington, DC. Deacon admitted defeat following the ritual, saying he was unable to dispossess the evil spirits inside the government building.

June 1, 2001 – A Mormon wagon train left Provo, UT, for a 700-mile journey to commemorate colonization in Southern California by Mormon pioneers in 1851. The trip was originally scheduled to leave April 24 and arrive at Glen Helen Regional Park in San Bernardino, CA, the weekend of June 28-30. Mormon organizers quickly rescheduled the wagon train when it was discovered that an Ozfest concert was also scheduled for June 30. "The concert is completely incompatible with our celebration," an organizer said. This year's concert featured the very heavy metal sounds of Black Sabbath and Marilyn Manson.

June 6, 1997 – After hiding her





pregnancy from her family and boyfriend, Melissa Drexler, 18, gave birth in a restroom stall during the Township High School senior prom in Aberdeen Township, NJ. She quietly strangled the 6-pound, 6-ounce baby boy, wrapped the newborn in a plastic bag and left him in the trash. She then "freshened up" before returning to the dance to ask the DJ to play "Unforgiven" by Metallica.

June 12, 1998 – Police in the Australian city of Wollongong discovered the head of 60-year-old David O'Hearn in his kitchen sink, and the word "SATAN" written in his blood on the wall above his corpse. One hand was removed, his stomach sliced open and his genitals were also mutilated. O'Hearn's murder was linked to two other brutal murders, including that of the town's mayor, Frank Arkell, who was found with his Rotary Club badge jammed into his eye.

Mark Valera, was later convicted of the murders, claiming that all three were pedophiles.

June 19, 1999 – At a Vancouver, Canada seminar, Christian talk show host

Bob Larson told the crowd about a British Columbia teenager who was declared a dangerous offender for sexually assaulting a three-month old boy and admitting he had killed another boy when he was 11 years old. Larson told the crowd the child would never improve "because he's not suffering from some psychological disorder. This kid's got a demon." Larson said the teenager is possessed because the parents were never married and, "Surprise, sur-

prise, we find out that the mother was of Cree Indian origin." Later, Larson led a Native Indian in prayer. "You need to say I, Joe, on behalf of my ancestors, ask forgiveness for our slaughter of the innocent white men, especially the babies whose heads we dashed against rocks." Shouting, Larson then asked the man to repeat, "I renounce my native blood!"

June 30, 1998 – Two satanic lesbian lovers stabbed and beat

a 59-year-old New Zealand grandmother as she walked alone in the Noosa National Park, Australia. Sarah Bird and Jade Schipper, both 19, attacked and stabbed Dulcie Brook 22 times and sliced her

throat from ear to ear, but survived because the knife was dull. The two were quickly caught and admitted to referring to themselves as the "Anti-Christ" and "Angel of Death". During their investigation, police also found a certificate from

Bird to Schipper, welcoming her as her satanic, sadistic and sexual ritual partner.

July 8, 2000 – A Sidney, OH, man who had earlier convictions for exposing himself to children, shot and killed three teenage girls and a Bible studies teacher, possibly to cover up "activities" with one of the girls. Lawrence Michael Hensley shot, stabbed and beat to death his neighbor, Sherry Kimbler, 16, her

cousin Tosha Barret, 16, and their friend Amy Mikesell, 14, inside his home. An acquaintance of Hensley's, Veronica Eagy, 22, was shot and survived by hiding in a closet and later escaping. Hensley's wife Julie

arrived shortly after the shootings and drove him to the home of Bible teacher Brett Wildermuth for a prayer session. Hensley then shot Wildermuth in the back and fled. He was arrested five

days after the shootings and pleaded guilty to aggravated murder before being sentenced to life in prison. During his trial, Hensley's attorney said Hensley suffered from a sexual addiction and had studied Satanism to help him deal with the problem.

July 18, 1998 – After being rescheduled for the third time, Venom, cancelled their San Bernardino, CA show for unknown reasons. The same night in San Diego, Iron Maiden, headlining over Dio and Wasp, canceled their concert after Maiden singer Blaze Bayley lost his voice.

July 19, 1999 – Leaders of the small town of Republic, MO, were forced to remove the Christian fish symbol after a federal court ruled the symbol violated the separation of church and state. Former Republic resident and practicing Wiccan Jean Webb filed the suit after writing a newspaper editorial claiming the symbol demonstrated intolerance to the city's non-Christians. The fish symbol, known as an ichthus, has appeared on the city's seal since 1990.

"...Satanic lesbian lovers stabbed and beat a 59-year-old New Zealand grandmother"

"...believed he was Jesus Christ and she was the devil..."

July 29, 2000 – The National Catholic Family Conference kicked off at the Long Beach (CA) Convention Center. Scheduled speakers included Tim Staple, a former Baptist youth minister and Catholic convert, former Jehovah's Witness Mary Kochan and former Satanist Betty Brennan.

August 24, 1999 – Two Florida teens at a school for troubled children were arrested for plotting to kill classmates and teachers at their former high school. A history teacher discovered a drawing by Jeffrey Burton Carter, 16, that depicted a student with a bloody knife, shotgun and assault rifle at Palatka High School. When the teacher questioned Carter about the drawing, he said that he and William Tyler Black, 17, planned to do a better job of killing than was done at Columbine High School. Black and Carter also told the teacher they were outcasts at Palatka High School because they both worshipped Satan.

August 25, 1999 – Chaim Witz, better known as Gene Simmons, the fire-breathing bass player for Kiss, celebrated his 50th birthday.

September 2, 1998 – Beneath the controversial cross atop Mt. Helix*, Granite Hills High School vice principal Brian Wilbur told a group of students at the Prayer Jam '98 that he once exorcised a spirit from a student heavily involved in "white witchcraft". He said he was able to remove the spirit by

praying over her. Wilbur told the crowd that he could have lost his job for the campus exorcism, but "God was protecting me."

September 3, 1999 – Police in Greensboro, NC, arrested Mötley Crüe bassist Nikki Sixx on charges of felony rioting in connection with a 1997 Crüe concert. Sixx was taken into custody immediately after his band performed. He was also charged with inciting a riot, assault and disorderly conduct – all misdemeanors – when Sixx allegedly encouraged the crowd to attack a security guard. Former Crüe drummer Tommy Lee faced the same charges but wasn't arrested with Sixx since he no longer performs with the band.



No wonder they put the make up back on. *KISS*

September 28, 1998 – Police were dispatched to Anthony's Fish Grotto in La Mesa* to break up a disturbance between two men drinking in the restaurant bar. One

of the men involved in the altercation was daredevil Evel Knievel, 70, who was in town filming a commercial for "King" Stahlman Bail Bonds.

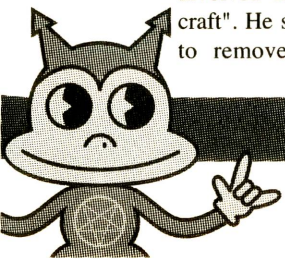
October 1, 1997 – Luke Woodham, 16, killed two and wounded seven at his high school in Pearl, MS, a suburb of Jackson, with a .30-caliber rifle. Following the shooting, police searched Woodham's home and found his mother stabbed to

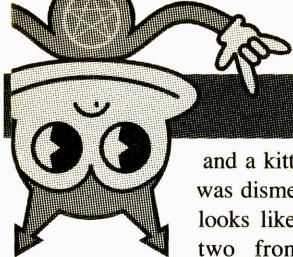
death. During his trial, he said he was driven by demons that told him he would be nothing if he didn't kill. While stabbing his mom, he testified his head rang with the instructions to kill by his satanic mentor, 19-year-old Grant Boyette. Boyette was also charged with conspiracy to murder. Authorities

claimed Boyette was the leader of a small satanic group known as "The Kroth" that Woodham belonged to.

October 3, 1998 – Police and Humane Society investigators in Phoenix discovered a trash bin with nine dead animals and a dying

goat. The goat had multiple puncture wounds and died shortly after police found it. The other animals included a German shepherd, two coyotes, a puppy, four adult cats





and a kitten. The kitten was dismembered. "[It] looks like its head and two front legs were cleanly cut off and placed next to its body in a little box," a Human Society representative said. Police investigated the possibility of cult involvement because both the puppy and kitten were black.

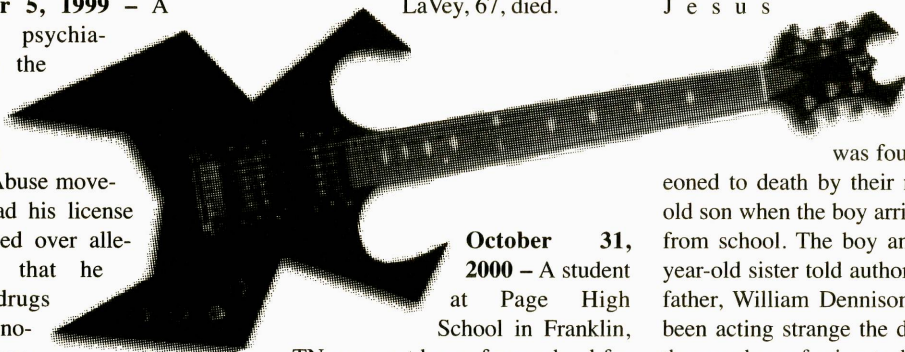
October 5, 1999 – A leading psychiatrist in the

Satanic Ritual Abuse movement had his license suspended over allegations that he used drugs and hypnosis to convince a patient she had killed scores of people in satanic rituals. Dr. Bennett Braun's license was suspended for two years and he agreed to five years' probation in a settlement with the Illinois Department of Professional Regulation. The case stemmed from Braun's treatment of Patty Burgus, who Braun diagnosed in the late '80s as having multiple personality disorder. By using drugs and hypnosis, Burgus was convinced she was a high priestess in a satanic cult who had once eaten a meatloaf made from human flesh. Some of the drugs prescribed included Inderal, a heart medication that can cause severe hallucinations, and sodium amytal, informally known as "truth serum".

October 25, 1999 – The mayor of Asheville, NC issued a proclamation that recognized this week as Earth Religious Awareness Week. Local ministers immediately criticized the proclamation, saying it invites witchcraft into the city. The proclamation gave credit to pagan religions as being "among the old-

est spiritual systems on the planet" and its followers "have given us practical knowledge of herbal remedies, midwifery and alternative forms of healing." One protesting pastor responded with, "We just wanted to counter that by making a positive statement that we believe Jesus is Lord."

October 29, 1997 – Anton Szandor LaVey, 67, died.



TN was sent home from school for dressing as Jesus Christ for school Halloween party. School principal Joe Yeager said Gabriel Koppelberger's costume – basically a sheet and a crown of thorns – was considered blasphemous by some teachers and students. Two students dressed as Hitler and a demon were allowed to stay for the party.

November 1, 2001 – The 1400 townspeople of Inglis, FL, woke up to find that Satan was now banned from the city limits by mayoral proclamation. "Be it known from this day forward that Satan, Ruler of Darkness, Giver of Evil, Destroyer of What is Good and Just, is not now, nor ever again will be, a part of this town of Inglis," Mayor Carolyn Risher wrote. "Satan is declared powerless, no longer rul-

ing over, nor influencing, our citizens. We exercise our authority over the Devil in Jesus' name. By that authority, and through His Blessed Name, we command all Satanic and demonic forces to cease their activities and depart the town of Inglis."

November 3, 2000 – The wife of a Vista* man who believed he was Jesus

Christ and she was the devil, was found bludgeoned to death by their nine-year-old son when the boy arrived home from school. The boy and his 17-year-old sister told authorities their father, William Dennison, 44, had been acting strange the day before the murder, referring to himself as Jesus and attempting to dismantle an electric can opener because he thought it contained a hidden police microphone. Police believe Dennison used a pair of pliers to kill his wife, Julia, 43, in front of their 12-year-old mute daughter.

"Satan banned from the city limits"

November 10, 2000 – Andrew Gardner, 28, was charged with third-degree arson and burglary of a Suffern, NY church. Police believe Gardner may

be behind similar attacks on three other Rockland County churches after finding "Satan rules the earth" written on the exterior of all four churches in similar handwriting.

November 15, 1998 – Five teens in Burlington, WI, were arrested for planning to kill certain staff mem-

bers and students at their high school. The boys, all 15 or 16, had compiled a hit list that included the school principal, assistant principal and a handful of classmates that had picked on the students. Other students at the school said the five teens were picked on because of their satanic imagery. "They didn't communicate with the normal-type people. They're more in their own devil-worshipping-type world," one student said.

November 16, 1999 – The husband of a Michigan witch was arrested for the Halloween murder of his wife. Peter Raub was picked up in Los Angeles on a murder warrant for the stabbing death of Veronica Kucko-Raub. Kucko-Raub was a well-known Wiccan who owned an occult shop called Gundella's Witch Ways. She was also a prominent voice for witches' rights. Police said Kucko-Raub's husband had a history of domestic abuse.

November 18, 1999 – Police in Hammond, IN, raided the home of two men who operated a satanic pirate radio station called "The Goat." The station's content consisted mostly of "satanic, heavy-metal-type music" and "satanic statements and a lot of statements against the government." Police recovered transmitting equipment and computers that were stolen from area radio and TV communications towers in 21 counties. Cory Gallo, 20, was arrested for the thefts, but police are still searching for his roommate, James Fox, 30. Fox is also suspect in four church break-ins.

November 21, 1999 – Vandals spray painted racial epithets and the phrases "Tourette's syndrome," "unabomber," and "Satan is master" in big blue letters on the walls of Korean First Baptist Church in Minneapolis, MN.

November 21, 1998 – Three Satanists in the small town of Hyvinkaa, near Helsinki, Finland, tortured and strangled an acquaintance. Following the murder, the two men and teenage girl ate parts of the body, then removed the victim's head, limbs and some of his internal organs, including the heart. Following a court-ordered secret trial, Jarno Sebastian Elg, 24, was sentenced to life for the murder. Terhi Johanna Tervashonka 17, was sentenced to two years and six months in prison for her role and Mike Kristian Rika, 21, was given two years.

November 22, 1995 – Six-year-old Elisa Izquiedo was found dead by paramedics in her mother's Manhattan apartment after a blow to the head two days before. The girl's mother hurled Elisa headfirst into a concrete wall, causing a brain

hemorrhage. Before her death, Elisa suffered months of intense physical abuse because her crack-addicted mother believed she was possessed by the devil. An autopsy

also showed Elisa had bruises and cuts on her entire body, wounds to her genitals and the bone from her right pinkie finger was broken and jutting through the skin.

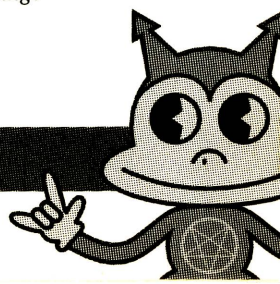
November 25, 1996 – A group of Kentucky teens belonging to a "vampire cult" bludgeoned a Florida couple to death. The group's leader, Rod Ferral, 16, told a friend he needed to kill to open the "gates of hell." Following the murders, Ferral and the dead couple's daughter, Heather Wendord, along with three members of the cult fled in the victims' car. Police caught them a few days later in Louisiana. Investigators said the group engaged in group sex, took drugs and drank each others blood.

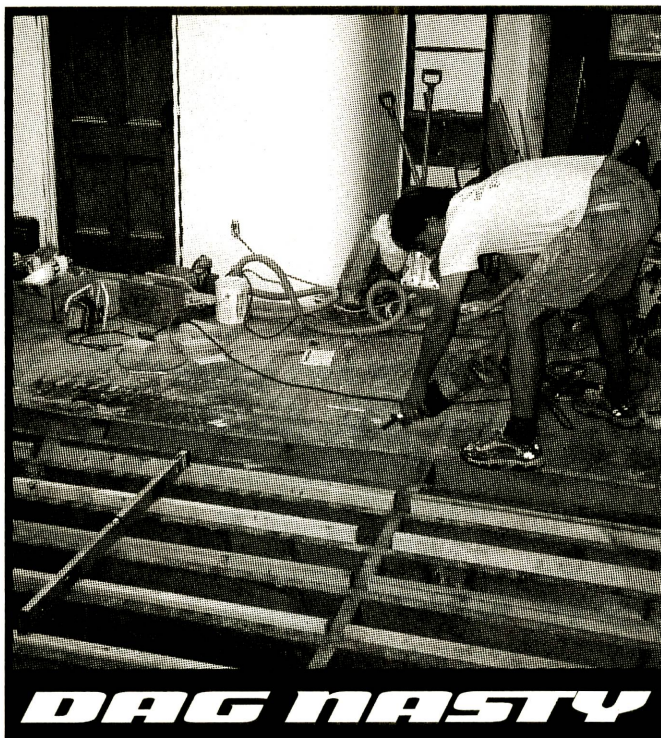
December 16, 2000 – Peggy McMartin Buckey died at age 75. Buckey owned and operated the McMartin Preschool in Manhattan Beach, CA. In 1983, Buckey and members of her family were charged, and later acquitted of ritually abusing scores of the daycare's children. Her trial was the longest in American history and the first of many high-profile preschool ritual abuse prosecutions.



Send us newsclippings of Satanic activities from your local newspaper. Make sure to include the date, and the name of the newspaper along with the clipping.

"...they engaged in group sex, took drugs and drank each others blood"





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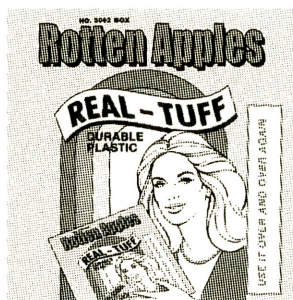
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Lost Sounds - Rats Brains & Microchips

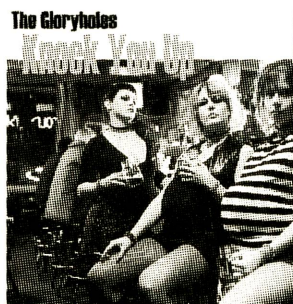
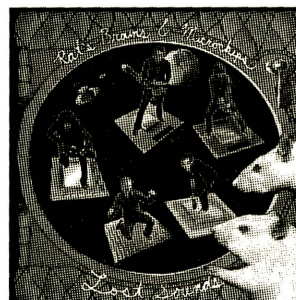
With their 3rd full length bursting forth like a Boris barbarian drawing come to life it's axe nothing more than a blur of silver and red carving your brain into an unimaginable obscene topiary, these metal-faced prophecies of Orwellian technocracies, the altered cerebella of rodents, and the necropolises of forgotten automatons begs the question not "Who will prevail in this joyless scenario?" but "Which side are the Lost Sounds on?"

Midnight Thunder Express - s/t

The Midnight Thunder Express have exploded like a runaway freight train leaping off the tracks. This hard working five piece came out of the gates running, forming mere months ago from the ashes of Seattle stalwarts the Valentine Killers and other less notables. This debut self titled full-length (with the legendary Jack Endino at the helm) is 10 songs of pure rock 'n roll power. Imagine the swagger of the New York Dolls, T Rex, and '70s Stones poured on top of heavy rock a la AC/DC or the MC5.

The Gloryholes - Knock You Up

Doug White of Seattle's legendary The Sinister Six is fronting a new band chock full of driving guitars, thundering rhythms, and wild careening vocals! As put so well in Vinyl A-go-go, "The Gloryholes are snottified, blasted out, amped up, garage-ripped rock and roll with a squelching, caterwauling lead vocalist and ear bashing, lo-fi, screeching guitar attack." The LP was produced by Tim Kerr and Jack Endino to bring their self destructive show to vinyl.



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SACRIFICIAL LAMBS



Illustration by Matt Swain

Becky Wallis had just finished her evening shift at the Lucky Supermarket in Escondido, climbed into her car, pulled out on to North Escondido Blvd. and began to head home. It was Saturday night, September 21, 1991, and she had just finished her shift and wanted to get home to her family – her husband Bill and their two children, a 5-year-old daughter and 2-year-old son.

As Becky drove away from the supermarket, she realized that she was being followed by – not one – but three cars. Afraid she was going to be attacked, robbed or raped by the men in the cars, Becky drove around town in a panic for over an hour, trying to lose her pursuers. At one point, Becky was able to get behind two of the

cars and scribble down their license plate numbers on a grocery receipt before driving to the Escondido police station. The cars eventually drove off, and Becky pulled away from the police station, too afraid to get out of her car, and continued home.

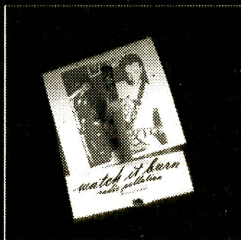
As she drove towards her mother's condominium approximately 15 miles away in Rancho Penasquitos where her family had been staying, she noticed the same three cars behind her again. This time, she was determined to make it to a San Diego police substation near her mother's home.

Before she could make it to the substation, Becky was stopped by one of the cars. Out jumped Escondido Police Lt. Ken Burkett dressed in plain-

clothes. He identified the people following her as officers, and told her they were following her because they needed to check on her children. All Becky had to do, Burkett told her, was take the officers to her house so they could make sure her kids were safe. Then, they would sit down and talk about why they had been following her.

Becky agreed to Burkett's request and allowed the police to escort her to her mother's house to prove that her children were okay. Why wouldn't she? She had done nothing wrong and she knew the kids were safe at home.

They arrived at the house around midnight and Becky allowed the police to enter. Inside, police found no signs of anything suspicious and noted



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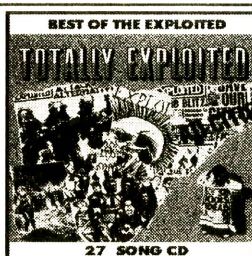


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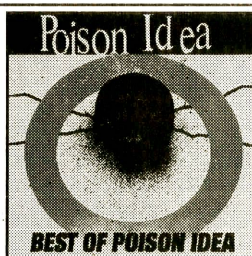
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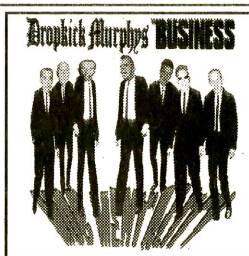
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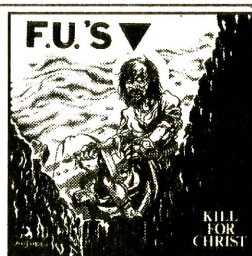
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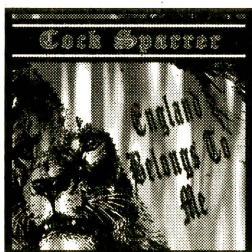
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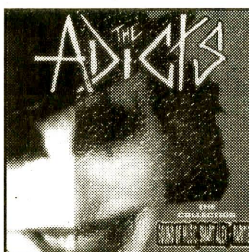
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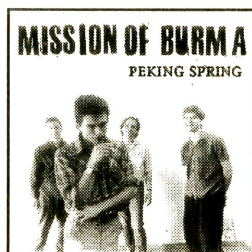
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the children were asleep and appeared to be well cared for. Detective Diana Pitcher had the parents wake up their daughter so she could question her in private. After speaking to the little girl behind a closed door, Pitcher informed the Wallises their children were being taken away. The children were quickly bundled up and placed in protective custody without any explanation as to why the police just ripped their family apart.

It took two days for the Wallises to discover why the county took their children. Authorities had reason to believe that the children were in danger due to the family's involvement as part of a multi-generational Satanic cult. Even worse, investigators had been tipped off that the family was planning on sacrificing their son on September 24 in celebration of the fall equinox, and then covering up the murder by staging a car accident in which his body would be burned to hide the evidence.

During the initial investigation, the police found evidence pointing to something sinister. After the children were removed, the examining doctor found physical evidence of molestation, combined with a damning statement from Becky's sister, Rachel Stecks, who claimed their father was a Satanic high priest. Police soon learned that Becky's father, Dave Stecks lived on a boat in Oceanside Harbor named "Witch Way."

The Wallises maintained a strong relationship with Becky's parents, but had not been in contact with Rachel since 1990. Eighteen months before the

Wallis children were taken, Rachel called San Diego County Child Protective Services (CPS) and informed them that Bill was sexually abusing his daughter. CPS quickly investigated and found that Rachel's claim was unfounded. The Wallises were obviously angry and immediately cut all ties with Rachel.

A year later, Rachel was hospitalized in a psychiatric hospital for being suicidal and having delusions. It was during her treatment while hospitalized that she reported to her therapist that Bill was planning on sacrificing his son to Satan during the upcoming "Fall Equinox Ritual." Her therapist was Candace Young, a psychotherapist who served on the San Diego County Ritual Abuse Task Force.

Rachel told Young that both of her parents and Bill belonged to a Satanic cult. She said she knew the Wallis boy would be killed because she had recovered a memory from over 20 years ago of her father wearing a robe and walking with her in the woods, telling her, "On the third full moon after two blue moons a child will be killed."

After hearing Rachel's story, Young repeated it to Sue Plante at CPS. Plante, a social worker who also belonged to the now-disbanded Ritual Abuse Task Force, launched the investigation. Escondido police were notified and began looking into the Wallises.

It only took four days for the kids to be in the safety of the CPS after Plante learned of the Satanic plot.

As members of the Ritual Abuse Task Force, Young and Plante both knew exactly what to look for in these cases: stories of bizarre sexual rituals and torture, kidnapping, baby sacrifices and cannibalism, all done in the name of Satan.

As for the police, they became suspicious during the initial investigation of the Wallises. When police visited the last known address for the Wallises, they discovered the family moved without leaving a forwarding address. Then they discovered Dave Steck's Satanically-named boat.

And on the night Escondido police tried to tail Becky home in an unmarked vehicles, they found her to be paranoid after they followed her for an hour before finally identifying themselves as police. Detective Pitcher also found the daughter "evasive" after waking the five-year-old and asking her if "anybody had ever given her bad touches or abused her" before she was removed from her home. At the time, Pitcher had received no information about either of the children being sexually abused.

After being removed from their home, the children spent three days in the Hillcrest Receiving Home with no contact with their parents before they were picked up and taken to Palomar Hospital for a physical examination to determine if either of the children had been sexually abused.

The examination was conducted by Dr. Mary Spencer. She performed an internal body cavity search on both children, then photographed both the inside and outside of the girl's vagina and rectum.

While Dr. Spencer photographed the inside and outside of the their son's rectum, Bill and Becky were tearfully celebrating the boy's third birthday across town without him.

Following her examination, Dr. Spencer reported to a court intervention worker that she found medical evidence that

both children had been sexually abused. Dr. Spencer also wrote that Dr. Susan Horowitz, a specialist from Children's Hospital's Sexual Abuse Unit, agreed with her findings.

A petition was then filed in Juvenile Court claiming both children had been molested and Bill Wallis had intended to sacrifice his son. The court immediately rejected the allegations of Satanism, but determined Dr. Spencer's report provided enough evidence for the county to maintain custody of the children.

On October 3, social worker Cathy McClennan interviewed the girl after being out of contact with her parents for 11 days to help determine if there had been any abuse.

McClennan's report following the interview said the girl was "traumatized by the separation from her parents." (Both children cried for their parents after they were taken from their

home and the 5-year-old girl repeatedly asked for her parents while Dr. Spencer performed her examination.)

During the two-hour interview with McClennan, the girl first denied being molested. Yet, twice during their conversation, McClennan told the girl that Dr. Spencer believed that someone had performed "bad touching." When asked if she knew what "bad touching" was, the child defined it as "somebody you don't know sneaks in your room...and cuts your hair off" and "stealing your balloon when you are walking with your doll." With an anatomically correct doll, McClennan put her finger on the genital area and asked what kind of touching it was.

"Bad," the girl answered.

Her responses began to change after that. The 5-year-old began to tell stories about a bad guy that must have sneaked into her bedroom at night. When asked his name, the girl

responded, "I don't know. I can't think of any bad-guy names."

"What if I told you that Dr. Spencer told me she can definitely tell that someone has done bad-touching with you?" McClennan asked.

"I think the same thing," she said, but still denied knowing who did the touching. Then she said, "I do know who it is. It is my mom. I mean, yeah, my mom. Just my mom, I know who it was. So do you believe me?"

Nearly two months had passed with the children in protective custody before the facts began to emerge. First, Dr. Horowitz wrote to the court and refuted Dr. Spencer's claim that she agreed that the daughter had been molested. As a matter of fact, Dr. Horowitz said the photos proved that the children had not been molested, and the evi-



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dence Dr. Spencer found was the result of vaginal infections, which the girl's medical records detailed.

Even more shocking is the fact that Dr. Spencer, who claimed to have found the physical evidence of molestation, was also the Wallises' family pediatrician. Three months before the children had been removed from their home, she had seen both children for check ups. The check up included treating the girl for vaginal infections. She found no signs of physical abuse at the time. Apparently, Dr. Spencer didn't recognize the children as her patients when she was performing the body cavity searches.

The court realized the mistake and immediately released the children to Becky's mother and moved to dismiss the case against Bill.

On December 6, 1991, after being in foster care for 68 days, the two children were returned to their parents. The court and

authorities agreed that neither child was ever in danger of being molested, abused or in danger of being sacrificed in the name of Satan.

The Wallises and Dave Stecks were left thinking how could the county and police destroy their family emotionally and financially all from unbelievably outrageous stories of Satanism coming from a woman who is obviously mentally ill?

Sadly, the Wallises weren't the only family in San Diego County to suffer from accusations of ritual abuse.

- One month before the Wallises' nightmare began, Plante had the grandchildren removed from the home of a retired Poway couple after their middle-aged daughter, who was institutionalized for schizophrenia, claimed her parents had been ritually killing babies as part of a cult since the '60s. During the grandparents' two month ordeal, Plante warned the

family not to send any birthday cards with pictures of animals or clowns because they were symbols of the occult. It went so far that during a supervised visit with the children, Plante told family members that at no time would they be allowed to hug the children because they might whisper secret messages in their ears. They could not make any reference to the time, or touch their nose nor ears, because they could be possible cult signals used to control the children.

The three children were finally returned after a prosecutor from the district attorney's office flew to Northern California to interview the estranged-relative who made the claims of ritual abuse and found that she was completely mental.

- Childcare instructor Dale Akiki spent two and a half years in jail without bail on felony charges of kidnapping and sexual and physical abuse of chil-



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is also a dot net:
- Yours Truly
BB*



Bartenders Bible

is your favorite band.

dren at the Faith Chapel daycare before being found not guilty of all charges.

San Diego Sheriffs investigated the children's claims of ritual sexual abuse, animal torture, baby killings and kidnappings for two years before he was arrested. During that time, parents and other members of the Spring Valley church were given information about organized cults infiltrating daycare centers. Rumors of how the children were forced to drink urine and eat feces, along with witnessing animals, such as giraffes, being tortured and slaughtered by the handicapped Akiki began to circulate among the parents and therapists.

At this time, the original prosecutor began to show skepticism, and was removed from the case by then-District Attorney Ed Miller, who then assigned Deputy District Attorney Mary Avery to the case. Avery was a member and main founder of the San Diego County's Child Abuse Prevention Foundation. Other members of the group included Mary Goodall – a member of Faith Chapel and another outspoken proponent of ritual abuse. She is also the wife of Jack Goodall, the politically connected chief executive of Foodmaker, which is the parent company of Jack in the Box. Both met with Miller to discuss their concerns about the case before Penso was quietly removed and replaced with Avery. Once Avery was handed the case, she hired therapist Linda Walker as a consultant. Walker was an easy choice since she had already made a name for herself in SRA circles. As a consultant, Walker referred the parents seeking therapy for their children to Pamela Badger, another SRA cheerleader whose name had been quoted in the papers about the horrors of the Satanic infiltration of our nation's daycares at the tail end of the '80s.

53 genetic

Not many people speak out on behalf of accused child molesters. And even though he spent over two years in jail, Akiki was fortunate. Local newspapers publicized the absurdity of the charges, which raised the public's support of Akiki.

After seven hours of deliberation following seven months at trial, the jury found Dale Akiki not guilty of the charges. It was the longest criminal trial in San Diego and cost taxpayers an estimated \$2.3 million.

Akiki later sued and settled for a total of nearly \$2 million paid by the county, Children's Hospital, Faith Chapel, the Goodalls and nine therapists.

The Wallises eventually sued, and after a series of court battles, a federal jury awarded the Wallises \$750,000 from the city of Escondido. Ironically, the court handed down it's judgement on Halloween, 2000.

The roots of the Wallis family and Dale Akiki ordeals goes back to the Satanic panics of the '80s and '90s. Fueled by talk shows, sensational news reports, self-appointed experts (many times police officers), conservative Christians and therapists who were more than eager to teach seminars to others about the secret Satanic sects kidnapping and killing babies across the country.

The only problem is Satanic ritual abuse proved to be nothing but a conspiracy theory. None of it ever happened. Sorry, "Night Stalker" Richard Ramirez was not part of any underground Satanic cult. Neither were any of the teens who committed murder or suicide after listening to Ozzy, Judas Priest or Slayer. For example, the "experts" lecturing about ritual abuse often repeat-

ed the claim that each year 50,000 children were kidnapped in the U.S. When rationally considered, if 50,000 children disappeared each year, it would be a nationwide epidemic. Police also know that most child abduction cases involve a parent or relative, and not by complete strangers as the ritual abuse apologists imply.

Most of the claims of ritual abuse in the '80s and '90s shared a common pattern in a complex web. The majority of ritual abuse stories came from women undergoing therapy from therapists who received training to recognize the signs of ritual abuse. By looking at these women's problems with ritual abuse in mind, the therapists began to attribute the problems to intangible forces of evil, which creates a new set of problems for the patient without ever addressing the original issues.

For example, if a patient denied she was the victim of ritual abuse, the therapist would work to convince the patient that the memories of being abused were so horrendous, the patient must have repressed them deep down in her subconscious. Of course it is going to take more therapy sessions to unlock the memories, which opened up the opportunity for false memories of abuse to be implanted in the patient.

Once the patients believed they were forced to perform horrible acts, such as sacrificing their own babies, it wasn't difficult to find other therapists, police officers, journalists, district attorneys, public officials and religious leaders to blindly accept the claims.

Today, the idea of Satanic society sacrificing children seems laughable, but there are still people in prison today, convicted of questionable charges of child abuse where there was no physical evidence.

Luckily, Bill Wallis and Dave Stecks are not in prison with them. 🐸🐸🐸

INDEX OF INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED WITH THIS STORY

BECKY WALLIS

Mother of two children removed by Escondido police after they received information from Sue Plante that her son was going to be sacrificed in a Satanic ritual.

Her children were held for 68 days before being reunited with their family.

LT. KEN BURKETT

One of several Escondido police officers that followed Becky Wallis home from work to "check on" her children, and the supervising officer during the removal of the children.

DET. DIANA PITCHER

Escondido police officer who, along with Det. Ralph Claytor removed the Wallis children from their home.

Pitcher also ordered the evidentiary physical examination of the children on behalf of the Escondido Police Department three days after the children were picked up by the officers.

RACHEL STECKS

Sister of Becky Wallis, Stecks, a schizophrenic, had a long history of mental problems, including multiple personality disorder.

While being treated in a mental institution, she reported to Candace Young that she had recalled several repressed memories of her father conducting Satanic rituals.

DAVE STECKS

Father of Becky Wallis and Rachel Stecks.

Police were informed he was a Satanic high priest planning on killing his grandson. At the time of the investigation, Stecks lived on a boat in Oceanside Harbor named "Witch Way," which investigators believed was a reference to his supposed-Satanic beliefs.

CANDACE YOUNG

Psychotherapist who served on the Ritual Abuse Task Force, Young reported Rachel

Stecks claim that the Wallis boy would be murdered as part of a Satanic Ritual to Child Protective Services.

SUE PLANTE

The county social worker for Child Protective Services who informed the police and district attorney's office about the upcoming sacrifice of Bill and Becky Wallises' young son. Plante was one of the more active members of the Ritual Abuse Task Force.

DR. MARY SPENCER

Pediatrician who performs child abuse exams at Palomar Medical Center.

Dr. Spencer examined and photographed the genitals of both Wallis children after believing she had found signs of sexual abuse. Spencer just so happened to also be the Wallises' family pediatrician for two years and examined the children three months before the abuse allegations surfaced, but apparently did not even recognize the children.

DR. SUSAN HOROWITZ

Child abuse specialist at Children's Hospital. Dr. Horowitz refuted Dr. Spencer's claim that the Wallis children had been sexually abused.

DALE AKIKI

Jailed for over two years after children at the Faith Chapel church in Spring Valley claimed he exposed himself, sacrificed animals and forced them to eat feces.

The charges were proven to be unfounded after an estimated \$2.3 million in court costs. He later sued and settled with several plaintiffs, including Children's Hospital, Faith Chapel, Jack and Mary Goodall and San Diego country, for a total of approximately \$2 million.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

ED MILLER

Six term San Diego district attorney.

Dale Akiki's trial and the subsequent grand jury report

released four days before voters went to the polls to elect a new DA. The timing of the report's release created a public backlash that cost him his job. He finished fourth out of five contestants in the 1994 election, losing his job to current DA Paul Pfingst.

DEPUTY DISTRICT

ATTORNEY MARY AVERY

Founder of the Child Abuse Prevention Foundation, Avery was the prosecuting attorney in Dale Akiki's trial.

MARY GOODALL

Former member of the Ritual Abuse Task Force and wife of Jack Goodall.

Three of the Goodall's grandchildren claimed to have been molested by Akiki while he was babysitting them at the Faith Chapel's daycare center.

JACK GOODALL

Husband of Mary Goodall, Jack was the CEO and chairman of Foodmaker, Inc., the parent company of Jack in the Box.

Goodall also donated \$500,000 to Child Abuse Prevention Foundation.

LINDA WALKER

Licensed clinical social worker who worked as a consultant for the prosecution of Dale Akiki.

She was also a member of the Ritual Abuse Task Force and one of the main authors of "Ritual Abuse - Treatment, Intervention and Safety Guidelines."

PAMELA BADGER

Marriage and family counselor that worked with the families from Faith Chapel.

Badger, along with Sue Plante, were the ritual abuse experts that contributed the SRA information released by the county in a 56-page book titled Commission on Children and Youth.

DET. RALPH CLAYTOR

One of the officers present when the children were

removed from the home. Claytor, now retired, was also the lead interrogator in the Stephanie Crowe case and is currently being sued by her family.

Stephanie Crowe, 12, was found stabbed to death January 21, 1998 in her the bedroom of her family's Escondido home. Police became suspicious of her older brother, Michael, then-14, after they noticed he wasn't grieving like the rest of his family. Michael was later interrogated for six hours by Claytor, and eventually broke down from police pressure and confessed.

Two of Crowe's friends, Joshua Treadway and Aaron Houser, were also charged as accomplices, but all three were released. After nearly a year after the killing, Stephanie's blood was discovered on the sweatshirt of a local transient. Richard Tuite, then-28.

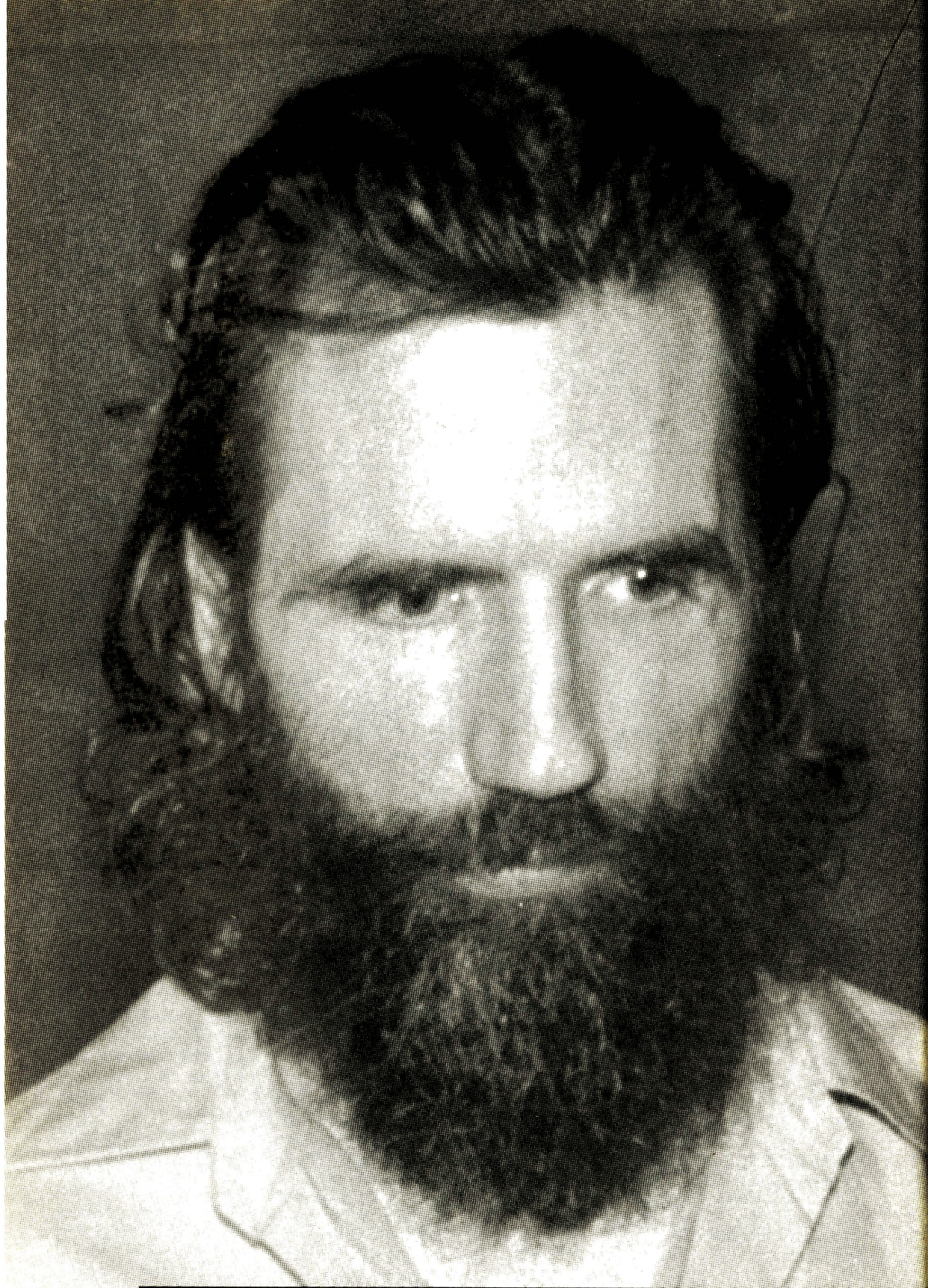
The night of the murder, Tuite was wandering around the Crowe's neighborhood the night of the killing, knocking on residential doors and windows and asking for "Tracy."

Police searched for Tuite the next day, questioned him and took his clothes along with fingernail scrapings for evidence. But it wasn't until three months after the killing that Tuite's sweatshirt, covered in several bloodstains, was sent to a laboratory for DNA evidence. The blood on Tuite's sweatshirt was Stephanie's.

The teens were eventually released after spending a total of over seven months in juvenile hall.

Tuite, now 33, was finally arrested for the murder the day he was released from state prison on May 15, 2002 for an unrelated burglary charge. He is now awaiting trial for the murder of Stephanie three years after her death.





Philadelphia Serial Killer Gary Heidnik

Bounced

Even Serial Killers Have To Pay the Cover Charge

By Chuck Meehan

This story originally appeared in the Philadelphia fanzine *Stain*.

In 1984 I started promoting punk/HC underground shows at a place called Abe's Steaks on 40th St., a half block south of Market in Philadelphia's near West Side. I had seen an ad in the University of Pennsylvania's student newspaper's classified ad section offering "a room to rent for your party or event". At the time there was no place for shows in Philly, and 7 Seconds was touring and needed a show in Philly, so I set it up.

Abe's was a dumpy little diner with a spare room in the back. My roommates and I cleaned it out (including a few dead mice), built a three foot high stage and put on the show with the assumption that it would be a one shot deal where the mild-mannered middle-aged nice Jewish owner, Abe, would freak out and not want anymore of those types of events to happen. However, despite a large crowd and chaotic (but fun) scene, Abe did not mind in the least and let me rent it out for \$75 any Friday or Saturday night I wanted.

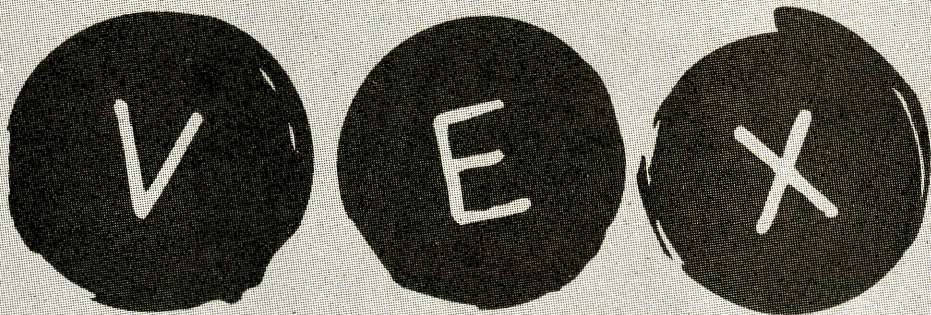
The 40th & Market Sts. area north of the UPenn campus is not one of your most pleasant locales. There's a liquor store/subway stop combo, the Elwyn Institute (which is a center for mentally incapacitated people), a bar/brothel, and a generally

gnarly street hangout scene. The scene at Abe's was pretty Lynch-esque. There were always loads of these spun out locals who hung out there and it became apparent pretty quickly that Abe was a local slumlord of sorts who owned some ramshackle houses in the vicinity. All of his tenants were (predominantly white) parolees, halfway-house types, or had some kind of diminished mental faculties or emotional problems, or were Vietnam vets with disabilities for whom Abe's housing would be in close proximity to the VA hospital. Abe's enterprise was him being "in loco parentis" to these people. He would rent them rooms, feed them at the diner (the food was bad, nobody other than his tenants patronized the place), give them smokes, a few bucks spending money and then deduct it from their SSI disability checks. I could never figure whether he was a scumbag exploiting these people or a kind hearted social worker type by keeping basically dysfunctional people who could not manage money or anything out of institutions or from becoming homeless. I always kept my relationship with him strictly business; I never inquired about the goings on in this little netherworld he created and he never dicked me around or gagged me or raised

my rental fee.

Generally, despite the locale, the shows worked out well. There were very few hassles or incidents and the local police seemed to take a hands-off policy. Abe was a strange guy. He was small and mousy looking, certainly not a tough guy or criminal class. I could never understand why he would want to make his living that way, getting up at 6 a.m. every day and spending all his time with these sometimes difficult people. So, whenever I had shows there, there were always a lot of his tenants hanging around who we dubbed "Abe's Army". As strange as these people were, they were pretty harmless, and there was little or no hassle between them and the people at the shows. The policy regarding Abe's Army was to leave them alone and let Abe deal with them. If the Abe's Army people were hanging out, and as long as they weren't taking up space or causing trouble, Abe would leave them be. But whenever it was time to admit the crowd, everyone who wasn't in the band or a guest, etc., paid the admission or did not get in.

One of these people who hung out there was a strange looking guy with a beard and a fringed buckskin jacket. He looked a little different from the rest of the Army, in that he

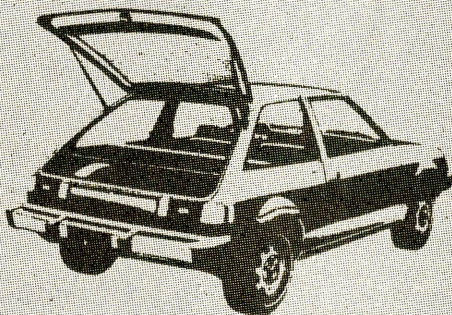


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was basically better groomed and his clothes fit and were clean. Nobody paid him much mind. He would sit at the counter drinking coffee, staring ahead and never attempted to communicate with myself or anyone else. He looked to me like he was some kind of genius physics weirdo type. I never talked to him but thought that he maybe had something to do with UPenn, like he was a flaky professor or something. He even looked mild compared to the other Abe's Army members, so again, I figured he was some anonymous loner type, and paid him no mind. There was one time said fellow showed up at Abe's after the door was opened and Flag of Democracy's Jim McMonagle, who was helping at the door that night, refused him admittance. He put up a meek "I just want some coffee," and tried to go past Jim, who caught him and again asked him to pay or leave. When the guy wouldn't pay and was still trying to get admittance, Jim ended up ushering him out the door with a few light shoves. He wasn't heavy handed or overly physical, just kind of shooed him out of the way so that he could keep the line moving. He left the vicinity without protest or hassle, and we didn't make anything of it. Whenever he did show up, he would either pay if the door was opened or be there when we arrived to set up the show and sit on his stool, drinking coffee and staring straight ahead for hours.

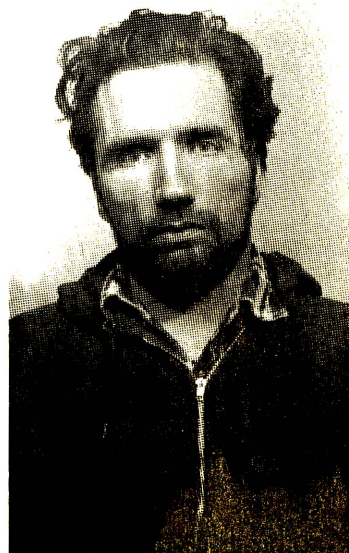
One day, I came home from work and had turned on the local TV news and saw the very same guy being led through City Hall in custody of police and immediately recognized him. Shocked, I listened

to the narrative where the reporter was describing how this guy named Gary Heidnik had imprisoned women in his basement, tortured and murdered. It was also mentioned that he would pick up these women from the 40th & Walnut St. McDonald's (two blocks away from Abe's). I freaked the hell out not knowing whether the victims were girls who went to shows at Abe's or not, and I started calling everyone I knew to see if any of the victims were people from the shows. I could never live with the thought that some girl was tortured and killed because she went to a show I put on, and I was in a near panic state. It was later ascertained that he picked up his victims from the Elwyn Institute, and that he lived in a section across town. Although I was as horrified as anyone once I heard all the details (hell, more horrified being that it was hitting a bit too close to home and I used to see the guy). I was at least a bit relieved that it wasn't one of the girls at the shows, although you don't ever want that fate to befall anyone. I asked some girls I knew who went to Abe's if he had ever attempted to talk to them, chat them up, etc. and they all said no. So, considering how he chose his victims I guess Heidnik was sinister and evil, as opposed to being insane, and yes, ol' McManiac can truthfully brag that he threw the infamous Gary Heidnik out of a show.

Heidnik wasn't the only infamous Philadelphia area crime figure to hang at Abe's. There was one show where a large woman with 5 o'clock shadow facial hair, clad in army cammo clothing and combat boots showed up. Of

course, it was my job to keep an eye on unfamiliar patrons especially ones who looked whacked out. She stomped around in an agitated state the whole show, easily the scariest butch woman I have ever seen, but she didn't bother anyone. I later recognized her as Sylvia Seegrist, the mentally ill (or gender identity disordered sez me) woman who took an assault rifle and went on a shooting rampage inside a suburban Philadelphia shopping mall. I pretty much kept quiet about these figures for a long time; I didn't want to have it get to authorities and have them questioning me or worse, having me appear in court to describe their mental conditions.

I never brought up these infamous patrons to Abe, and shows there continued for a few years under a variety of promoters until finally Abe closed shop. This was following an incident where one of his employees sunk a steak knife into the chest of someone who was complaining about the food. 🍴🍴🍴



Gary Heidnik was executed by lethal injection on July 6, 1999.

Reader (phone) Matches



"I'm looking for somebody who has a little spunk and excitement and passion and adventure, 'cause I tell ya, the dating pool, it might be large, but it definitely doesn't necessarily mean there's a lot of quality."

-Duane, 38, a Man seeking a Woman

By Larry, Stephanie Ashmore and Wendy Wilson



MEN SEEKING WOMEN

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. Tommy Lee in search of Pamela Anderson. Let's relieve the '80s with big hair, metal and other rock star indulgences. (4/10) ☎ 30555

INTRODUCTION: (Van Halen's "I Can't Wait to Feel Your Love Tonight" playing in background) Do you look good in a tight miniskirt and stiletto heels? Then you'll be the perfect match for my leather pants and motorcycle boots.

Like my ad said, I'm into all rockstar indulgences, everything from white limos, Jack and Coke to front row center at Cheetahs.

In case you're wondering about me, my name is Eddie, I'm a guitar tech by trade. I'm fully sleeved and junkie thin at 6'4" and 160 pounds, but without the drug habit.

So tell me a little bit about yourself, like your best concert ever, your favorite drink, favorite singer or whatever rocks your world. Let's meet for a drink at Brick by Brick and maybe do a little bit of headbanging.

Number of matches: 15

Number of responses: 0



GENEROUS WORLD TRAVELER, spoon- ing specialist, seeking Harlequin ro- mance. Let's tango. (5/8) ☎30931

INTRODUCTION: Hello, my name is James, and when people ask me what I do for a living, the answer I always give is, "Leisure is my pleasure." Why did I place this ad? I'm looking for adventure. I just want to disappear and wake up on a beach in Mexico, on top of a Swiss mountain or a pool hall in Phnom Penh. I've done it before, and there's nothing more exciting than the feeling of leaving all your legal troubles behind.

Out of all my travels, I've found that my two favorite cities are Barcelona and Hong Kong. One thing I hate to admit is that I don't speak any other languages, minus a few words here and there. For example, I now know that in Thailand, a "Lady Boy" is a bad thing.

Okay, enough about me. Tell me something about yourself. Keep in mind that I'm holding two airline tickets to some hidden destination. So I have just one question. Are you ready to depart?

Number of Matches: 8

Number of Responses: 1

Cecilia - "I love to go places"

Hello, um, my name is Cecilia. I am from Costa Rica. I love to travel and I'm going to Costa Rica soon. I would love to take you with

me, but you don't put in your ad how old are you.

I am in my forties and I am looking for somebody to go places. I love to go places. The beach. My

number is 760-451-XXXX. Just call me in the afternoon or nighttime and I will tell you more about me, okay. Bye. Oh, I am a nurse and a professional massage.



OUT.

PIRANEAS "self-titled" LP/CD

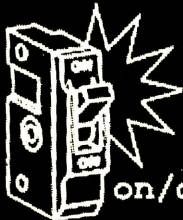
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Radiant guitars and strong female vocals rip apart the melodies of THE PIXIES. NYC trash w/ a BLACK SNAKES tinge. 11 songs.



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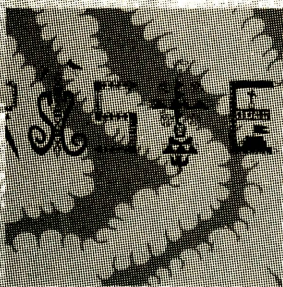
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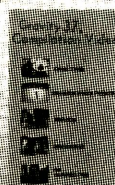
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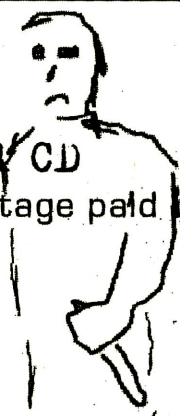


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Leather and More...**



DISCOS CAGADOS c/o Ryan Rousseau
2057 E. Howe Ave. Tempe, AZ 85281
EMAIL mwong55@earthlink.net

MRS. ROBINSON, YOUR YOUNG buck just graduated. You: 35+. Me: 23, wild imagination. Let me be your baby cakes. (8/7) ☎ 48100

INTRODUCTION: Hey! Thanks for responding to my ad. I'll get right to the point. My name is Bobby. I just graduated from SDSU with a, believe it or not, a degree in communications. And after five years at SDSU, I just got fed up with your stereotypical college bimbos, so that's why I placed the ad.

I'm looking for an older woman, ya know, someone with some stability, some class, a little bit of romance, ya know, like the finer things in life. I'd also like to go on the record and say that I'm not looking for some financial arrangement, so don't think I'm being a weirdo or anything like that. I just wanna be your stallion, and that's all. Leave me a message. Bye.

Number of Matches: 0

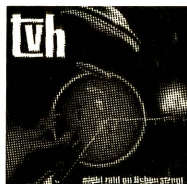
Number of Responses: 1

Judy – "You sound absolutely adorable"

Hi, Bobby, my name is Judy and you sound absolutely adorable. Let's talk. My cell phone number is 858-945-XXXX, and if you don't get me, leave a message. Or try back. Talk to you soon. Bye-bye.

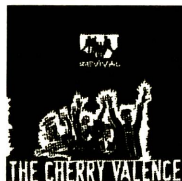


New ► Flapping Jet Records



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CD/12" Picture Disc
Raw and Renascent Punk from
members of CRIME and CRUCIFIX.



The Cherry Valence

Revival 12" EP
Hard rock in the tradition
of Deep Purple
and The MC5, but sexier.



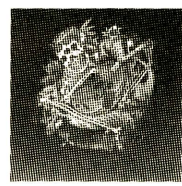
Beehive & the Barracudas

Featuring the Insects CD
A 21st century plastic soul
masterpiece.



Salem Lights

Insect Wings CD
A drunken saunter through the
serrated side of the paisley underground.



Zen Guerrilla

Heavy Mellow 12" Picture Disc.
A spirited record with a serene
painting by Doug Thompson.

Also: Last of the Juanitas,
Teachers Pet, The Bellrays,
Rocket from the Crypt,
Hollygolightly, and more. All titles
are available for mailorder. Come
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(www.flappingjet.com) Flapping
Jet is distributed through IMD
(www.imusicd.com.)

FLAP
PING
JET

WOMEN SEEKING MEN

25, SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, Asian. Must love the Ramones. (4/17) ☎ 23378

INTRODUCTION: (Ramones' "Carbona Not Glue" playing in background)
Obviously if you're listening to this right now, we've already got something in common. Ummm, let's see. Like my ad said, I'm 25, half Japanese, half Hawaiian. I'm 5' 6", get around town in a '67 Galaxie 500. I'm also into record collecting, Golden Hill dance parties, the Ken Cinema and sushi, of course.

I also love going to shows both here and LA. Currently I'm a grad student studying film and working as a video editor.

So leave a message because, you know, I just might love you long time.

Number of Matches: 8

Number of Responses: 4

Don – "I'm a pet lover. I have two cats"

Yeah, hi. I'm into music a lot. I'm in pretty good shape, in my mid-30s, uh, I don't look my age. I'm into Godsmack, uh, little bit of Ramones, Staind, Stone Temple Pilots, Jimi Hendrix. I just like to have fun. I go out dancing once a week.

I'm a pet lover. I have two cats. I like bike riding. If you're interested and want to converse, my name is Don and my number is 619-231-XXXX. Thanks. Bye, bye.

Mike – "I am in the process of starting up an Internet business"

Well, hello, my name is Mike and I'm definitely responding to your ad. I liked your voice-mail. I liked your message.

I am 35, so hopefully you don't think I'm too old for you. I would definitely like to speak to you, but let me tell you a little bit more about myself. I am a professional. I work in the health care industry. I work for Kaiser,

Kaiser Permanente, but I also consider myself an entrepreneur. I am in the process of starting up an Internet business, uh, with a couple of partners. I could tell you a little bit more about that.

I consider myself to be attractive. I do work out on a regular basis, so I'm fairly muscular and in good shape and I try to eat right on a regular basis. I'm very active and outgoing. I used to be a competitive surfer and, uh, I ride motorcycles and mountain bikes and love trying to get outdoors and be active. I love music. I love going out and seeing bands. I like movies. I'm very much a movie person. And, of course, I like the Ramones, but I hate to admit that I don't have any of their CDs at the moment but I'd definitely like to speak to you and find out more about you. If you would, give me a call please. My number is 619-887-XXXX. I'll talk to you soon. Bye, bye.

Kevin – "The Ramones rock"

Yeah, hi, my name's Kevin and the Ramones rock. Yeah, I do

agree with you there. Other than that, everything else that you said sounds rather enjoyable.

Um, if you'd like to give me a call, my number's 452-XXXX. Um, you can pretty much reach me any time after nine o'clock Sunday through Thursday night. Actually I've never called and left a message before for somebody I don't know, so I'll just kinda leave it at that.

If you'd like to give me a call, I'd like to talk to you. If not...okay, have fun. Bye.

Steve – "I'm considered very good looking"

Hi, my name is Steve, um, and I liked your ad. Myself, I'm 33 years old, single, professional. I'm 6'1" and I weigh about 175, 180. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes.

I'm considered very good looking and very in shape. If you're interested in getting to know me better, give me a call. My telephone number is 619-244-XXXX. I look forward to talking to you.



AHOY MATEY. PERMISSION to come aboard. Shipwrecked Mary Ann waiting to be rescued by a strong sailor. Race unimportant. (8/7) ☎ 34172

INTRODUCTION: Hey, sailor. As a native San Diegan beach girl, I've always had a thing for navy guys, from the lowliest swabby to the highest and tightest rear admiral, you're all heroes to me.

My name is Lorena, and I've grown up around the beach my whole life. I'm 27, toned and well tanned from all the time I spend partying at the beach.

At the moment, I'm a dirty blond, but my hair color changes with my moods, and my mood is usually somewhere in between frisky and naughty. So name and rank, sailor, and I just might give you permission to board.

Number of matches: 42

Number of responses: 2

Duane - "You're overdue for a spanking"

Well hello there, ma'am. I'm Duane here and I request permission to come aboard, but I guess before I can do that, um, I gotta leave you a little bit of information to hopefully entice you to open the door, so to speak. And what a coincidence! I'm frisky and naughty as well. Put two people of that caliber together and who knows what could happen.

Well, let me tell you a little bit about me. First off, I'm 38. My name's Duane and, uh, never been married, no kids. Uh, no goldfish, no cats, no dogs, um, so you get 100 percent of me if you can handle it. And, um, I am not a native Californian. Not a native of San Diego, obviously. I'm a native of Kentucky, as a matter of fact. That's where I was born and raised, and actually, to add a little bit of a twist to your story, um, as opposed to navy, which I guess there is some bag (???-Larry) in those navy guys, you may want to switch over and try a little bit of army experience.

I went to college in New York at West Point Military Academy. I'm a former paratrooper and army officer, so I can, uh, pretty much get a person in line, so to speak. Ya know, if they struggle a little bit, it's even more the fun.

So, um, I'd love to get together

and hang out with you and teach you some army manners since you've been spoiled obviously in the wrong direction with these navy guys.

But what else can I tell you? I'm about 5'10" and a half, roughly about 195-200 pounds, muscular, athletic build. I used to play football for Army, as a matter of fact. Ever hear of those Army/Navy games?

I live in beautiful south, south Orange County. I live a few miles inland from Laguna Beach, actually. As a matter of fact, I've been out here now, Southern California, for about 14 months. My company relocated me out here, and I tell ya, I'm looking for somebody who has a little spunk and excitement and passion and adventure, 'cause I tell ya, the dating pool, it might be large, but it definitely doesn't necessarily mean there's a lot of quality.

So, give me a call and lets you and I get things started. By the way, I'm a night owl, so you know, you can call me at any time and I will come running. Believe me, I'm not real far from anywhere in San Diego that you may be. And, hey, you can meet someone right there in San Diego and it may take them 45 minutes to get to you. And believe me, you sound like you're well worth the drive. But it's not that bad, seriously.

My number's 949-360-XXXX, and this could be one of your most

memorable summers. It could stretch into the fall if you keep feeling naughty. Oh, yeah, I'm 38 years old. I don't know if I said that or not. I'm sure I could handle anybody like yourself, someone that sounds like you're overdue for a spanking. Can't wait to hear from you. Bye, bye.

Unknown Caller - "She's my mermaid"

"Aho, swabbies. For an hour I've sat here watching you frolic, and now it's time I tell you that she's my mermaid, maties. But lucky for you, I like to share. Who would be the first mate here?"

"Why, that would be me, Captain."

"And who would be the Sergeant of Arms here?"

"Me, sir!"

"First Mate and Sergeant of Arms, I've been sitting in this chair watching you frolic. I'm staying in this chair. Here is the key to my room. I drink a pitcher of grog per hour. When I finish my third pitcher, I expect to see all of you here reporting smartly. And I want to hear your report in clear detail, and if you're lucky, you may find my mermaid and me here again in the next few days."

I'm at 760-500-XXXX. Avast, swabbies! Time's a wastin'.



ONE MAN ARMY

new album hits stores Oct. 15th

available on cd and lp

www.lmanarmysf.com BYO Records Post Office Box 67809 Los Angeles, CA 90067 www.byorecords.com



NOKNIFE RIOT FOR ROMANCE!

New CD/LP



Better
LOOKING
RECORDS

www.noknife.net
www.betterlookingrecords.com

EXOTIC EMO GIRL SEEKING Rivers Cuomo look-alike. Nerd glasses, tight pants a must. (6/19) ☎23858

INTRODUCTION: (Weezer's "Say it Aint So" playing in background) Obviously if you're responding, you're a handsome nerd boy with thick glasses. So go ahead, my little Tri-Lamb and leave me a message, but don't worry, I'm no Omega Mu. So don't be shy. Talk to me. Bye."

Number of Matches: 32

Number of Responses: 4

Jim – "I'm a sports official"

Hi, my name is Jim XXXXXXXX and I'm 37-years-old and I'm a sports official for a living. So why don't you give me a call. My number is 619-466-XXXX. I'll be looking forward to it. Bye, bye.

Bob – "Don't know if that fits into that big ol' nerd category"

Hi. Great message. Anyway, my name is Bob, um, and your ad was very, very intriguing. I'm 6'2", about 200 pounds, very athletic. Um, I don't know if that fits into that big ol' nerd category.

Anyway, I grew up in Encinitas and graduated high school from there. Went to San Jose State, played a little football there, graduated from San Jose State.

But, um, anyway, I love to go to Mexico, eat lobster, I surf now and again when I get time. I'm a building contractor. I build

homes for a living. I own my own company.

Anyway, give me a call please. I'm very, very interested in talking to you. I think it would be great. It'd be fun. My name is Bob again. My phone number is 619-886-XXXX. I look forward to it. Bye, bye.

Percy – "We can at least talk about Weezer"

Hi, you didn't leave your name, but I really dug your ad. I don't really look like Rivers, but I love his music and can really identify with his lyrics. I do have a close up picture of him. I met him at Weezer Bowl when they were promoting their "Green" album.

I'm just a regular guy, dark hair, dark eyes and love their music. I'm a residential architect working downtown and living in Fashion Valley. It sounds like you would be a cool person to at

least talk to.

If you'd like to get lunch or get a drink, my name is Percy and you can give me a call at 619-296-XXXX. And at the very least, give me a call.

I look forward to hearing from you, and we can at least talk about Weezer. All right, bye.

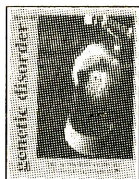
Rolf – "I've been here since 18 years"

Good afternoon, it is Friday. This is Rolf XXXXXXXXX. I am originally from Switzerland. I've been here since 18 years. I am (unintelligible) and have my own business. I like to travel and have fun. I like to walk, play tennis. When you want to give me a call, that would be great. I'm looking forward to you phoning. My number is 619-322-XXXX and I hope to hear from you soon. Okay, thank you, bye, bye.

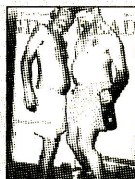


genetic disorder

Back Issues



Issue #8
\$1 ppd
Anti Heros,
Schlong and the
debut of the
Loser's Guide to
San Diego.
Very raw!!!
22 pages



Issue #9
\$2 ppd
Chokebore,
Fishwise, local
music news,
Loser's Guide to
Spring Valley.
Very raw!!!
32 pages



Issue #11
\$2 ppd
Didjits,
Everready,
Supernova.
Loser's Guide to
La Mesa.
56 pages



Issue #12
\$3 ppd (very ltd.)
13 of SD's most
notorious killers
profiled and the
first prom story.
Loser's Guide to
National City.
90 pages



Issue #13
\$3 ppd
Tons of practical
jokes, the explo-
sion of PSA
Flight 182.
Loser's Guide to
North Park.
104 pages



Issue #14
\$4 ppd (very ltd.)
Over 15 stories of
pure evil on ritual
abuse, devil wor-
ship and misc.
Satanic themes.
Loser's Guide to
Satanic SD.
128 pages



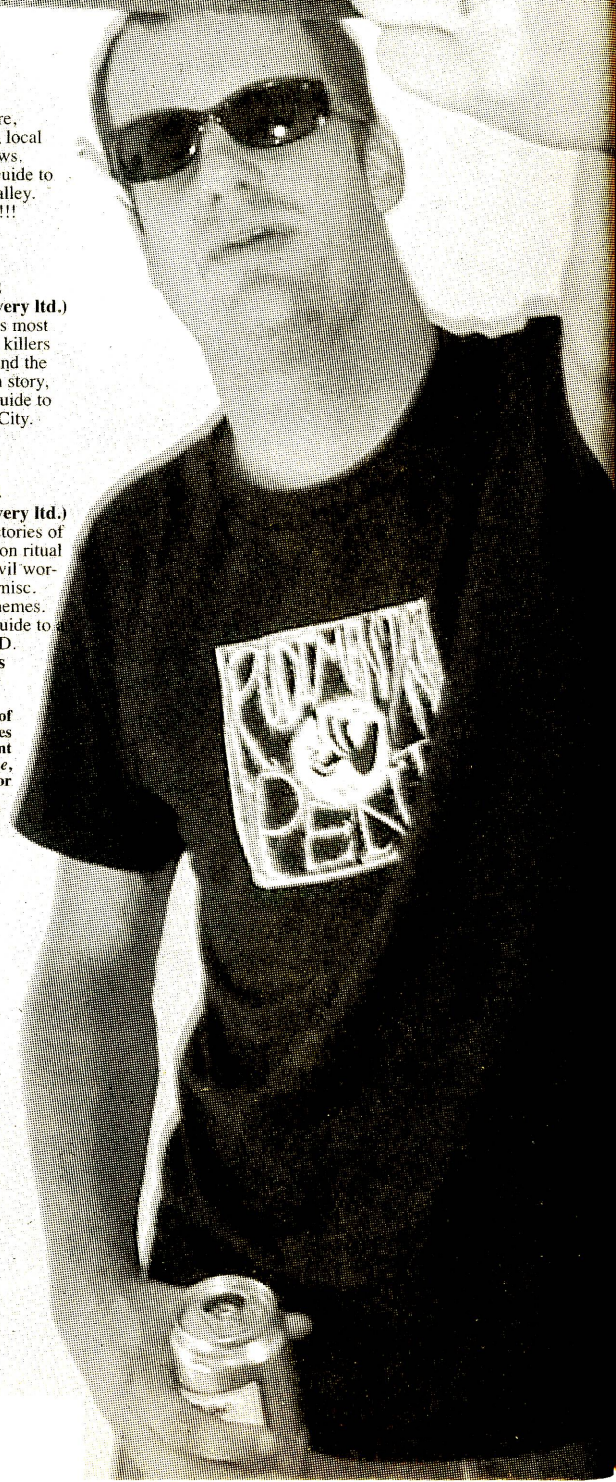
Issue #15
\$3 ppd
Detailed diary of
the Kill Zines
roadtrip across the
US. Lots of drink-
ing, fighting and
breaking down.
64 pages

Buy all available seven issues of
GD for \$15 ppd while supplies
last. I also have out of print
issues of *Ben is Dead*, *The Probe*,
Dishwasher and others. Write or
email for a zine catalog.

genetic disorder t-shirts

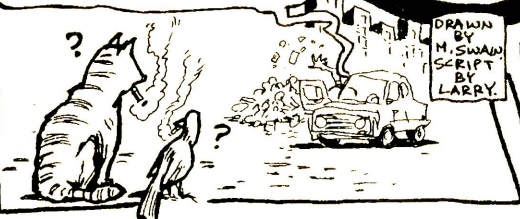


Mail us one of your shirts and \$3 in stamps and we'll spray
paint our logo on your shirt and mail it back to you. What
a deal! Just ask Ruben once he wakes up.





WHILE CLEANING OUT MY CAR, I FOUND A COUPLE OF UNLABELED TAPES...



DRAWN BY
H. SWAD
SCRIPT BY
LARRY.

... THE FIRST WAS MY MINUTEMEN/NEW BOMB TURKS SPLIT BUT THE SECOND HAD ME COMPLETELY BAFFLED! HOW COULD A TAPE OF MOSTLY HORRIBLE '80S COVERS BY PUNK BANDS FIND ITS WAY INTO MY CAR? NONE OF MY FRIENDS WOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD LISTENING TO SOME SLEAZE '90, PUNK BAND COVERING "YOU SPIN ME ROUND" BY DEAD OR ALIVE...

BUT AT THE SAME TIME, THEY HAD ENOUGH TASTE TO INCLUDE RADIO BIRDMAN'S "ALOHA STEVE + DANNO"...

SO HELP ME SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE MYSTERY TAPE...

IF YOU CAN FIGURE OUT THE SONGS, I'LL SEND YOU SOME YET TO BE DETERMINED

PRIZE!

TO RECEIVE A COPY OF THE MYSTERY TAPE, SEND A 90 MINUTE CASSETTE, 3 POSTAGE STAMPS* AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO...



GENETIC DISORDER
MYSTERY TAPE
PO BOX 15237
SAN DIEGO, CA
92175

BEER?



ABSINTHE?

THE WINNER(S) WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

GOOD LUCK.

* SORRY, I'M BROKE, NO STAMPS = NO MYSTERY TAPE.



Record Reviews

All record reviews were written in one sitting while under the influence of 80 oz. of King Cobra and 500 mg of hydrocodone after Zach broke my rib while I was sleeping, even though he still denies it. Demand vinyl.

Destruction Unit *"My Disease" 7 inch* **Lost Sounds**

Black Wave 2xLP

The hand of God himself has reached out and touched two young men in these bands. These men - one originally from Yuma, AZ and the other from Memphis, TN - have been able to take what few notes you can squeeze out of a guitar and keyboard smash them into some serious shake-your-ass spookiness. Not to ignore any of the other musicians in these bands, but both of these guys go back a ways together and have a similar song writing style that just blows most of the new crop of garage bands out of the water. Both of these records stick with rough recordings with overdriven vocals.

Lost Sounds run the marathon with a double LP of their futuristic vision of an amplified world. Alieja and Jay swap off on the vocals, bringing a Dracula-like soulfulness that is going to suck you into their silicon world of keyboards and distortion pedals. Lost Sounds are making waves, so it's time to join their party. I know it's going to be debauchorous, so I'm already climbing aboard.

Destruction Unit
Discos Cacados
8445 N. 23rd Ave #125
Phoenix, AZ 85021

Lost Sounds
Empty Records
PO 12034
Seattle, WA 98102

EPOXIES

S/T LP

History will always repeat itself, but the question is can the new generation bring something new to the table rather than rehash the past? Using keyboards as the lead instrument with a whole lotta moxie comes Portland's Epoxies, cranking out an infectious blend of new wave punk that's somewhere between X-Ray Spex, Missing Persons, Berlin and their label-mates The Briefs. More friends have requested to tape this record (Sorry, Ken) more than any other in the past three months, so what does that tell you?

Dirtnap Records
PO Box 21249
Seattle, WA 98111

THE WEIRD LOVEMAKERS

"Live: Bigger Than a Cookie, Better Than a Cake" CD

I've seen these guys play enough to know just about every song on this release. It's a great live recording in what sounds like a half-empty room. The guys tear through their best songs with Greg and Hector switching off on vocals. And since their songs have such a diversity of styles, this release feels more like a greatest hits compilation rather than a quick, live release.

Empty Records
PO Box 12034
Seattle, WA 98102

SULTANS

"Ghost Ship" LP

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT *"Group Sounds" LP*

Put RFTC's latest record up against The Sultans (one of a couple of John Reese's side projects, just in case you didn't already know) and "Group Sounds" gets set aside while "Ghost Ship" stays on the turntable. It's just that the Sultans straight ahead scratchy punk just gets you moving. When played back to back, The Sultans LP is just so much more fun to listen and sing along to. The Sultans jumps right out of the gate with the catchy as all hell "Just A Fool (That's Down)." Unlike previous RFTC releases, however "Group Sounds" requires a number of listens for it to grow on you. But here's what makes me love the Sultans' LP even more: for a side project band, I was amazed at the quality of songwriting dedicated to a band that might only play a couple of times a year. With "Ghost Ship" clocking in at 16 songs, there's not a throwaway in the batch. Combined with the low budget, raw sound, I would have to say that The Sultans released one of the best local records I've heard in a long, long time.

RFTC
Vagrant Records
2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361
Santa Monica, CA 90403

The Sultans
Sympathy for the Music Industry
4450 California Place #303
Long Beach, CA 90807

**THE KENT 3
"Spells" LP**

I just looked at the grooves on the vinyl and knew this record was gonna be better than anything I've listened to in a long time. I fell in love with their last record, "Pleasant Musik" after I assumed the band was finished. With the Kent 3, it basically comes down to one thing: Vic is a fantastic songwriter. He throws vocal hooks all over the place with about some of the best lyrics by any contemporary garage/r'n'r band out there. Every time I listen to these guys, I don't know why other bands even try. They're that good, and now that the White Stripes are on MTV, I would like to offer all of you a new, favorite band, The Kent 3.
*Dirtnap Records
PO Box 21249
Seattle, WA 98111*

**JAWBREAKER
"ETC." CD**

"Larry,
"Hey, man, just got back from the record store - picked up the new Jawbreaker CD "ETC.," which has all the outtakes and b-sides from all their hard to find shit. It made me think of you because I remember borrowing a buncha your 7"s once and copying those songs onto one tape....now ya finally can listen to them all on one disc.

Also picked up the new Hellacopters which is a buncha b-sides also. All bands should do that after they've been around for a bit.

"Anyway, just saying 'hi' hope all is well with you. Finally had some cooler weather this week. Just been busy doing web sites and fesitvals. I'm in one in Big Bear Lake in Sept. and also gonna be in one in Portugal (European premiere).

Take care,
-Rob"

*Blackball Records
c/o Revolver
2745 16th St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
www.blackballrecords.com*

**FLAG OF DEMOCRACY
"FODWORLD" LP**

Anyone who's reads *GD* already knows that FOD is one of my all-time favorite bands. And, oh man, have I waited for this record to come out - and on vinyl no less. I've tried and tried to get my friends to understand the beauty of FOD's hate, but I still haven't been able to break through. Maybe it's because most of my friends were listening to either DI, Crass or Exodus while I was listening to FOD's first record, "Shatter Your Day." After all of the years, they've only gotten better at what they were already good at. With Jim's manic vocals leading the way, the 13 tracks on this record jump between '80s hardcore to early DRI thrash to catchy punk. No surprise, since FOD has survived just about every phase of punk rock. They still thrash their home town of Philly at least once a month. Name another band on the "Flipside Vinyl Fanzine #1" comp. that still plays out as much! I dare you!

*Creep Records
PMB 220
252 E. Market St.
West Chester, PA 19382*

**MOISTBOYZ
"III" CD**

I hate people whose record collections are always stocked with the coolest, flavor of the month bands. There's nothing better than throwing on Krokus at a "that guy's" party to bum everyone out. Moistboyz are that bummer band. All the tunes are pretty much about tweakers, shitty weed and living some pathetic existence in the desert wastelands of eastern California. Sound familiar? This CD is the perfect soundtrack to the "People From the Valley" story earlier in this issue. The music can get a bit repetitive, but fuck it. The only people who will get this are the people who have lived this.

*Ipecac Recordings
PO Box 1197
Alameda, CA 94501*

**ZEKE
"Death Alley" LP
THE REAL PILLS
"Nine Long Years" CD**

There are few things constant in life. Money, girls, apartments - they all disappear eventually. But Zeke is like speed. Not every batch is the same, sometimes it's yellow, sometimes it's sticky and sometimes it's powdered glass, but it still gets you sketched out and bouncing off the walls. Even worse, when it's gone, the feeling is horrible and the come-down is even worse. So what do you need after a night or two of crank?

Something to help with the come-down. Some Valium or a Xanax perhaps? Yeah, pills help out, and so do Portland's Real Pills. Their authentic garage rock gets rid of the shakes and gets you shaking in the right places. Mix them with alcohol and they're even more potent.
Zeke

*Tee Pee Records
PO Box 20307
New York, NY 10009*

*Real Pills
Mortville Records
PO Box 4263
Austin, TX 78765*

**BOULDER
"Reaped in Half, Acts I & II" LP**

Just as the name suggests, Boulder's version of NWOBHM hits you over the head like a 10 ton piece of granite. I've heard some of their records before, but after wandering into a dump on El Cajon Blvd. to watch The Knock Out Pills, I was shocked to see that the almighty Boulder was playing on the bill. These flying V playing, short-hairs rock harder than any hesher band in the land. They were all over the place, throwing their guitars around and screaming their guts out. And they played a fucking Venom cover that no one recognized except for me and Hernan. So I just wanted to tell everyone who wasn't there: you blew it.

*Tee Pee Records
PO Box 20307
New York, NY 10009*





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www.slovenly.com



Zines

You are staring at an 8-track. A typewriter. A buggy whip. Fanzines aren't going to die off anytime soon, and there are still a number of great zines being published (more on them in a minute), but I really miss the ones that were part of a loose-knit zine community just a few years back. Zines such as *The Probe*, *Ben is Dead*, *Temp Slave*, *Thrill Score*, *Dishwasher*, *Craphound*, *Murder Can Be Fun*, *Great God Pan* and too many others to list.

Oh well. All good things – and even bad things – must come to an end. I even hear the New Bomb Turks might break up soon.

As far as publishing a zine today, there are a lot more hurdles to start a new zine than there were just five years ago.

First of all, who needs a \$2,500 printing bill when you can simply design a web site? To compound the problem of

publishing a zine, many of the distributors went bankrupt owing publishers lots of money (Buried Treasure, Fine Print, etc.) and there aren't any new distributors to take up the slack. Then there are people such as Ted at See Hear who doesn't pay publishers. After six years, he still won't pay any part of the \$353.50 he's owed me for six years, so I speak from experience when I say don't send him your zine.

Zine publishing has always been a difficult, time-consuming task, but with the troubles of finding distribution and having to hound people for advertising, there will be fewer and fewer quality zines around in the future.

Instead we end up with free music zines that cater to advertisers by featuring the most bland and redundant band interviews and reviews month after month. Unfortunately, the majority of those bad music zines come from Southern California, which only gives the Bay Area folks one more reason to laugh at us.

Okay, enough whining. There still are a number of zines going strong and here are a few that I'd recommend tracking down.



BURN COLLECTOR – It took me forever to finally get my hands on a copy of this zine. Issue #12 was a detailed personal story dealing with a number of problems – a crummy job, loneliness, girlfriend problems – in the middle of a harsh Chicago winter.

Stickfigure Distro
PO Box 55462
Atlanta, GA 30308
www.stickfiguredistro.com

MULTIBALL – Multiball has always covered my two favorite things in life: drinking beer, punk and pinball. Wait, that's three. The band interviews are always interesting, since a lot of them involve the bands talking about (duh) pinball machines. Each issue also comes with a 7", and you should kick yourself for not owning issue #19 which came with a great Dirtbombs/White Stripes 7" split.

PO Box 40005
Portland, OR 97240

COMETBUS – Forget everything else. Cometbus has remained one of, if not, the best, personal fanzines ever. His newest publication is an anthology of issues #24-42 and more! It's an inch and a half thick and I was afraid to even open it because I didn't want to ruin the spine. But the first page helped me through it with its "How to read a Book" introduction. Reading this anthology will only increase your need to tell your boss to fuck off before splitting town.

Last Gasp
777 Florida St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
www.lastgasp.com

RAZORCAKE – After *Flipside* collapsed, diehard contributor Todd picked up the pieces and started *Razorcake*. Each issue shows the staff's unabashed enthusiasm for good music across the punk spectrum. It's contagious because whenever I start to get bitter about the state of music and it's marketing and money, *Razorcake* reminds me that it's just music. If it rocks, the rest doesn't really matter.

PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.com

SICK TO MOVE – Sometimes *GD* contributor Scott Puckett has been publishing his zine for sometime now. Because he was sued, you were able to read the "Exhibit A" story. With each new issue, I crack open a 40 oz. and lose myself somewhere between some college graduate thesis and some random late night musings that usually involve either Tiltwheel or Down By Law. I always pass out feeling smarter.

PO Box 121462
San Diego, CA, 92112-1462
www.punkrockacademy.com

JERSEY BEAT – Jim Testa and I have been trading issues for years. I've always loved the passion that still goes into each issue after over 15 years of publishing. When you hit 30, look around and see who's still going to shows on a Tuesday night. It's probably not gonna be you, but Jim is still out there supporting his scene.

418 Gregory Ave
Weehawken, NJ 07086
www.jerseybeat.com

BARRACUDA – Cheescake, hot rods and booze. Is that not punk enough for you? Too bad. Jeff is even a bigger, although less rabid FOD fan than myself. He's also one of my favorite drinking buddies, so I have nothing but good words for one of the most hardworking people in all of zinedom.

PO Box 291873
Los Angeles, CA 90029
www.barracudamagazine.com

GIRLYHEAD – How "girly" is a girl with a way better record collection and who can kick your ass at cards? Write Sunny and bug her for a new issue.

PO Box 225029
San Francisco, CA 94122
www.girlyhead.com

ROCKTOBER – Each issue of *Rocktober* has that DIY zine spirit that just isn't around any more. The layouts are completely rough, and each issue is usually themed-based ("Kissie," "Maximum SammySoul"). Jake's combination of obsessive collector and caustic wit always make a great read.

1507 E. 53rd #617
Chicago, IL 60615


CHINMUSIC! – Former *GD* contributor and longtime San Diego music guy, Kevin is the man behind his baseball-meets-punk-zine. Sports and punk, you ask? It works like Coronas and lime.

PO Box 225029
San Francisco, CA 94122
www.girlyhead.com/ChinMusic.html



The Stories That Didn't Make It

STORY IDEAS

 WHITE LIMOS!
CORN? I DON'T REMEMBER
EATING CORN?

ED'S DEAD
TRANSEXUAL

→ BANGING YOUR WAY INTO THE CELESTIAL
KINGDOM (HOW TO GUIDE TO SCAMMING
ON MORMON CHICKS)

[GETTING SUPER FREAKY W/ RICK JAMES
(A.K.A. RAY SPILLED THE COKE)]

FREE PORN = FREE BEER

I ♥ WONKY GIRLS!

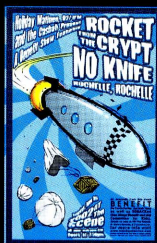
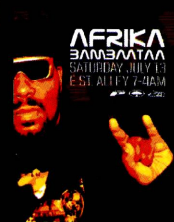
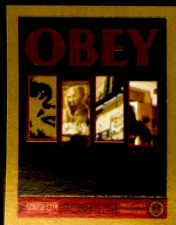
FUCK YOU, JEWEL! YOU STOLE MY SUMMER
AND I WANT IT BACK!

NEVER GET PIERCED BY CIRCUS PEOPLE

*DON'T FORGET TO BUY THE KEG
FOR YOUR "SECRET" INTERVENTION



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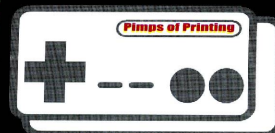
2500.....	\$249.00
5000.....	\$349.00
10000.....	\$549.00

POSTER "12X18"

FULL COLOR POSTER 12"X18" FULL COLOR FRONT SIDE PRINTED ON 100LB
GLOSS POSTER STOCK PRICE INCLUDES FILM OUTPUT & STANDARD GLOSS

1000.....	\$649.00
2500.....	\$749.00
5000.....	\$949.00

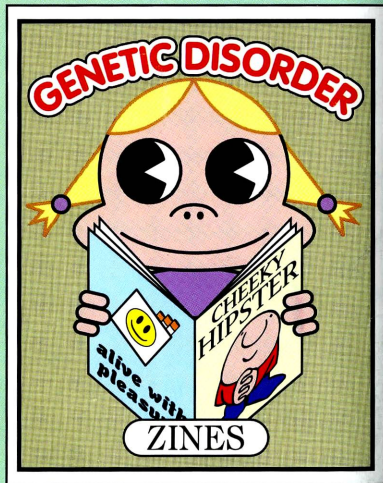
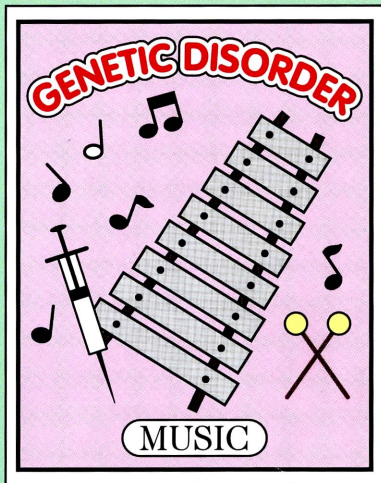
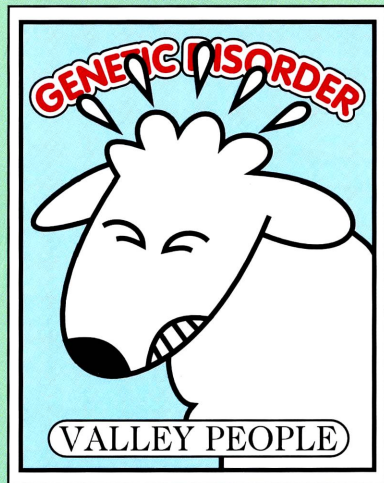
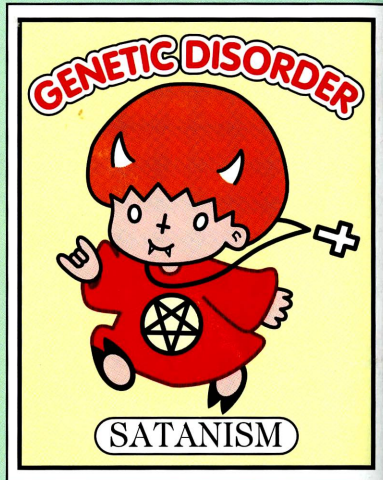
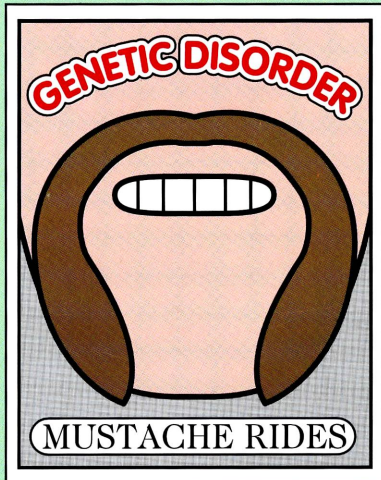
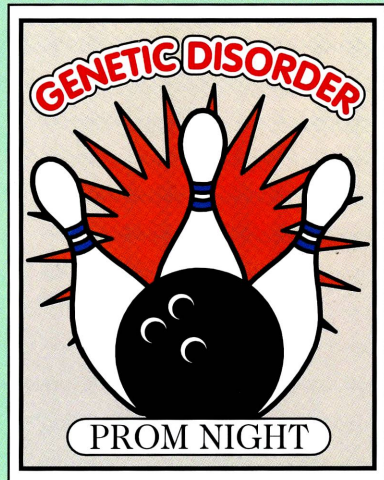
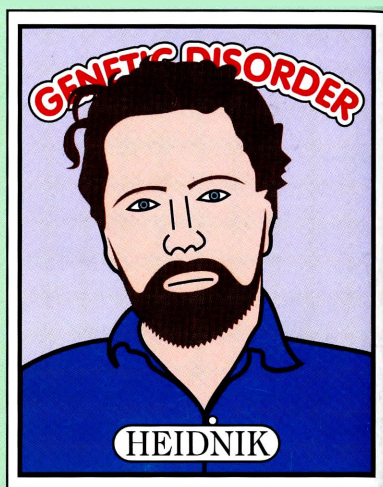
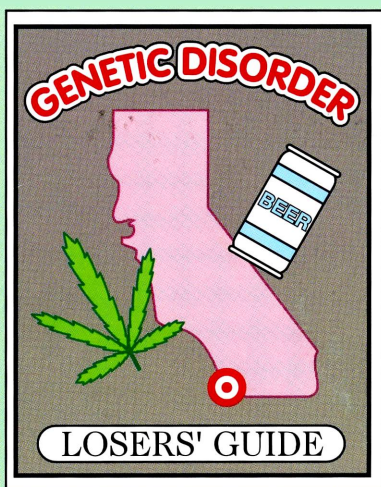
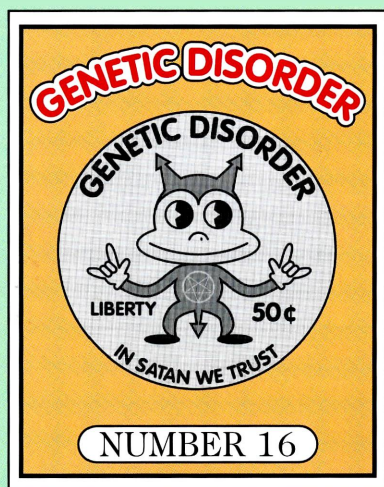
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